Captain Blood

Debauched Tales of Lust, Greed & Doom

Rain Again

I got scars that could never heal
Been drinkin' for most of my life
Every mornin' that I wake up
You know, I Thank God that I'm alive
And I can almost recall
Love's sweet taste upon my lips
But, It's just soo Goddamn bad
That it all came down to this, right here
Oh yeah, it's gonna rain again
Well, it's late in the evening
And I'm feeling down
It's not that I hate people
Just like it better when they ain't around
And I guess I'm slipping into my Darkside
Sometimes all I wanna do
Is crawl off and die
I don't know why
Don't try to condemn me
For the things I believe
When my hearts worn out it's welcome
I'll turn around and leave
Well, I've been the Joker
The Fool and the Saint
But, don't try to make me Immortal
'Cause that's one thing I ain't
Not yet...

Lyrics by William Bruton,
Captain Blood

DESIGN BY PLEAZANT ©1997

CATSKIN DUNGEON

Well, she walks out on the stage and the lights are shinin' bright
Alcohol fumes and pseudo rebels
She got a face painted to look just like an angel
To fool and deceive these little devils
And she don't remember a word her sweet Mama ever said
Doin' time in the Catskin Dungeon
I've been buying dreams like drinks, send another round of desire
Rentin' second hand emotions on the down payment of a wink
She's a hell of a lover, but not much of a liar
And she don't remember a word her sweet Mama said
And I feel right at home in the Den of Decadence
And at the Catskin Dungeon's where I'm gonna make my residence
Down here in the concrete jungle, well, now the angels fly on dirty wings
The gutter of love, it overflows
Sittin' here with a whiskey grin, crawlin' from ear to ear
She's got dirty little secrets no man ain't ever gonna know
Ans she don't remember a single word her sweet Mama ever said
Distillin' toxic fantasies 'bout the land that's made of dreams
Where they walk on heroes at their feet
Every cloud's got a silver lining, ain't no different here
Everybody needs a safe retreat
And she don't remember a word that her sweet Mama ever said

Lyrics by William Bruton,
Captain Blood

Send all
death threats, hate mail,
obliviated responses to:
Captain Blood
2106 S. Emerson Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46203
(317) 356-1707
(317) 251-8850

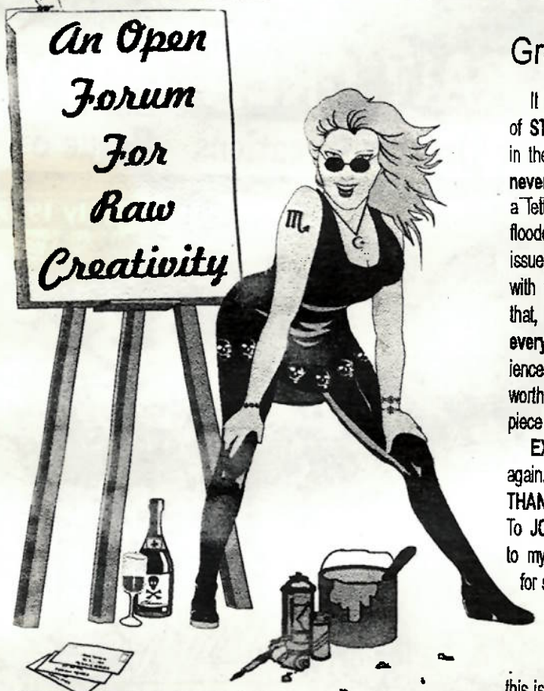
STIRRED EMOTIONS™

AN OPEN FORUM FOR RAW CREATIVITY

Volume 1 Proudly Presented by Pleazant Dreamz Creations Issue 3

STIRRED EMOTIONS™

C/O Pleazant C. Noon P.O. Box 1484 Hightstown, NJ 08520 Fax: (609) 448-4349



Pleazant Clarissa Noon, Creative Director

Greetingz...

It is with my **greatest & proudest pleasure** to present to you the **3rd issue** from my world of **STIRRED EMOTIONS**. It was exactly **1 year ago** this month that I placed my very first ad in the local music paper requesting **Diaries, Journals, Poetry, Artwork**, etc... At that time, I **never** expected to receive anything. But, a few days later – much to my complete surprise – a letter arrived. A few days later, more. And even more after that. Within a month, I was flooded with huge amounts of **letters, poetry, stories, artwork, tapes, CD's...** After the 1st issue, **SE** skyrocketed. People from **all over the world** were writing to me and trusting me with **their thoughts, their words, their creations...**I am still in amazement! So in honor of that, I set out to make this issue the **BEST** I could possibly create! And I apologize to **each & every one of you** for the delay it has caused. But, as you flip thru these pages and experience the **many lives, minds and emotions...** I am convinced that you will consider it to be worth the wait! I would rather be late and totally proud of my creation than to be on time with piece of garbage. I am standing behind this issue with every ounce of pride I possess..

EXTRA SPECIAL THANX goes out to **PHILIP DOLINSKY** for having the courage to write again. I am so glad it was a misunderstanding. I admire your strength. (PS... I'd also like to **THANK YOU** for always including a buck or two every time you write. Every penny helps!). To **JOE** at **APPLE BROWN BETTY** for the excellent review. Your support is one step closer to my next submission. To **NEUTRON CAFE** for putting **SE** up on their website. as well as for spreading the word. (**GINA**, I hope your **Mom** enjoyed the issue. That had to be the coolest!) . To **BILL ZEBUB** of **THE GRIMOIRE OF EXALTED DEEDS** for running my ad again! Since your new issue came out, I have been getting an obscene amount of responses from your readers! To **BAXTER'S ANTI-ZINE** for the honest review. I am sure this issue will be much easier on the eyes. I would **LOVE** your review of this issue! To **SCHLEP** for plugging **SE** while on **AOL. TELL THE WORLD!!!** To **NATAS PRODUCTIONS** for being so eager to distribute **SE**.Thanx for being soo very cool! To **BETH SENNESH** for giving me a 2nd chance. I am really sorry I spelled your name wrong. Please know that I am going to be running pieces from the 1st two issues again. Yours will be one of them. To **DAN PATERNO** for the beautiful instrumental pieces created in thought of **SE... I'm beyond words...** To **WILLIAM BRUTON** of **CAPTAIN BLOOD** for the package of packages! **Love the T-shirt.** Fits like a charm! To **TAMMY KAY LITCHFORD**, I want to read that novel of yours! I am quite curious!!! Please consider sending in a reduced version for publishing! To **SCOTT HILDNER** for giving **SE** a twist. What an excellent way to express creativity. Not only is it an excellent idea, but I **LOVE** the fact that you started off with **MOOD 13.** A true **SE** theme! Keep up the inspiring work!!! **EXTRA WARM GRATITUDE** goes out to **MS. KAREN BADRE** for donating a more than generous supply of art materials for this issue. I have found use for each and every marker, pen, glue stick, piece of paper, etc... your postage paid mailers are also a great help! But, most importantly, for being that very 1st letter... way back when. I have framed those words and hold them very dear to my heart. I often think that had it not been for your determined curiousity, these pages would NOT be in existence. **YOU ARE THE SWEET BEAUTY OF MY WORLD!!!** And my happiest most loving appreciation goes out to the one and only... **my heart, my best friend, my handsome other half... ADAM DARHLING!** Never before have I had anyone who believed so deeply in me and my dreams. I know no words can ever **THANK YOU** enuff for this computer you surprised me **with**, and no amount of hugs could fully express the **3 wonderful years** you have given to me. You have changed my life... for the better! And without you... **I would** be lost. **THANK YOU, ADAM, for just being YOU! YOU ARE EVERYTHING PRECIOUS TO ME!!!** And last, but definitely not the least, **I THANK YOU... Yes, YOU!!!** I cannot do this without your support, your word of mouth, your submissions, your interest in my creation. **I appreciate evry single one of you!** I have worked very hard on this issue and I hope I have outdone your greatest of expectations! You all have outdone mine! **THANK YOU ALL FOR GIVING ME ANOTHER ISSUE OF A DREAM-COME-TRUE!!!** Till the next issue...

Creativily Yours,

Pleazant 6 1997

This entire issue is dedicated to my sister, DEVYN, who seems to have lost her smile. May your journey to find what it is you seek be a fulfilling and prosperous one. I LOVE YOU and I'm always here should you ever be in need... XOXO

"What I want is that my picture should evoke nothing but emotion!"
--Pablo Ruiz Picasso (1881-1973)

STIRRED EMOTIONS GUIDELINES

Please read before submitting...

- There are **NO** printing fees to advertisers. I take great pride in printing what I wish, **NOT** b-cuz someone paid me to. **Zines/ Businesses/Bands/etc... MUST** send proof of existence to gain any advertising space. *Any advertiser that is found to have ripped off ANY of my readers WILL BE DESTROYED!!!*

- The only charge the *reader/submitter/advertiser* bears is the **$3.00** cover charge, which **MUST** be paid to ensure delivery! Send well-concealed cash or make check/m.o. payable to **PC NOON**. *DO NOT SEND CHANGE THRU THE MAIL !!!* **Bands** submitting **w/Demo/Tape/CD** need **NOT** include the $3. cover charge. A complimentary copy of the issue you appear in will be sent upon printing. *If additional copies and/or future issues are requested, then payment is required.* Trades are welcomed but **ONLY** by those Zines that are of a presentable nature! Quick, thrown-together garbage will **NOT** be accepted! **Reviews of STIRRED EMOTIONS are welcomed!** Please send copy upon printing. *I can't Thank You if I don't see it.*

- **Bands/Zines:** there are absolutely **NO** reviews conducted by STIRRED EMOTIONS! This is an **OPEN FORUM** for raw creativity. **Bands:** send what you would like to have printed. Press kits are helpful, but not required. A simple hand-written history will suffice. Lyric sheets are appreciated. *I WILL CREATE AN AD FOR YOU!*

- I am always looking for **Front Cover** and **Centerfold** pieces. Designs **MUST** depict the STIRRED EMOTIONS theme. *Personalized creations are always welcomed!*

- **ALL** submissions should be printed neatly or typed. I do enjoy printing your originals, especially well-crafted handwriting. It keeps these pages **RAW**. ***Name and address MUST appear on ALL submissions.*** Please try to submit your creations, band histories, artwork, photos, etc... on **UNLINED WHITE PAPER ONLY!** Colored paper does **NOT** reproduce. There is **NO** limit to the amount of pieces to submit. *IF YOU CREATED IT, I WANT TO SEE IT!!!* You **MUST** enclose a **S.A.S.E.** if you want your submissions returned and/or if a personal reply is requested. *Submissions containing racial slurs and/or of a hard-core pornographic nature will **NOT** be accepted!* **ALL CREATORS RETAIN ORIGINAL COPYRIGHTS!!!**

- STIRRED EMOTIONS reserves the right to edit **ANY/ALL** submissions for length/clarity. STIRRED EMOTIONS reserves the right to use **ANY/ALL** submissions for promotional purposes w/o compensating the creator. *You will be informed in writing.* STIRRED EMOTIONS reserves the right to refuse **ANY/ALL** submissions w/o further explanation.

- The **STIRRED EMOTIONS *CREATE-A-PAGE*** are individual pages available to those who have a *fresh/new* idea to feature. **ALL** ideas **MUST** be submitted, along w/ a rough draft, and upon approval, a full page (or two) will be extended unto you. *You **MUST** be able to design the entire page(s).*

- **Promotional volunteers and financial backers are ALWAYS needed!** Inquire in writing. **DONATIONS OF *ANY* SORT** are greatly appreciated! I am always in need of black markers, paper, glue sticks, postage stamps, postcards, etc... *ALL donators will be artistically rewarded in STIRRED EMOTIONS.*

- **STIRRED EMOTIONS is for entertainment ONLY!** STIRRED EMOTIONS can **NOT** be held liable for misrepresentation, false advertising and/or damages to the readers/submitters of this magazine. By submitting to, reading and/or purchasing this magazine, you agree to the rules and conditions said herein.

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- **ALL** pieces created by **PLEAZANT** are available for hire. Contact me for further information.

BORDER DESIGN BY SCOTT HILDNER CLIFFSIDE PARK, NJ

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VAMPIRE LOVE DOLLS

P.O. Box 43281, Baltimore M.D. 21236. (609) 654-7911

Sick twisted anorexic vampires performing each and every show like a sexual apocalypce...

THESE ARE YOUR SAVIORS!

welcome to the coven. Amen.

A HALLUCINOGENIC RIDE INTO THE CHURCH OF ALL YOUR NOCTURNAL MASTURBATION FANTASIES. A VIOLENT ERUPTION OF EROTICA AND PENT-UP DEBAUCHERY FOR THE GENERATION OF A DEAD DECADE.

STIRRED EMOTIONS 1997

Your Letters...

I just received Issue #2 of STIRRED EMOTIONS and I have to say that it is exactly what I expected and then some! This is something that should be done more often and by more authors, such as ourselves. I would like to commend you and everyone who was involved in putting out this wonderful piece of work for many to enjoy. I certainly did! In the meantime, I, too, have an interest in writing and would love to share a few pieces with you and all of your readers. Hope you enjoy them and thanks again for your time and creativity.

Sincerely Yours,
Patricia J. Cronce
Hightstown, NJ

Hi Pleazant,

Got your very thick zine today. Saw some familiar faces. I love Eve Gilberts stuff. She's been in Pink Pages. Laura Joy Lustig is going to be in the next one. Again, thanks. I'll review Stirred Emotions in Zine World.

Take Care,
Joe Maynard,
AQUARIAN WEEKLY
New York, NY

PLEAZANT DREAMZ CREATIONS,

THANKS FOR GETTING IN TOUCH WITH ME. BY SENDING ME YOUR POSTCARD LETTER WITH YOU AD ON IT. I AM VERY INTERESTED IN YOUR LITERARY MAG. WHAT EXACTLY IS THE MAIN IDEA BEHIND YOUR MAG? DO YOU WANT PEOPLE TO SEND IN DREAMS, OR JUST LETTERS, OR STORIES, OR WHAT? WHEN YOU GIVE ME AN ANSWER BACK, I WILL TRY TO SUBMIT SOMETHING TO YOU. I KNOW IT'S HARD TO GET PEOPLE TO SUBMIT STUFF. I HAD A SECTION IN MY ZINE CALLED 'BEYOND WAKING HOURS', WHICH WAS DEDICATED TO DREAMS THAT PEOPLE WOULD WRITE DOWN AND SEND IN TO ME. IT DIDN'T REALLY WORK OUT, BECAUSE NOBODY WOULD FUCKING WRITE TO ME. IT WORKED FOR ONLY ONE ISSUE, AND THAT'S BECAUSE I HAD FRIENDS FROM MY HOOD WRITE THESE FUCKERS, AND PEOPLE WHO HAD ORDERED MY PREVIOUS ISSUE. I STOPPED DOING THAT SECTION NOW, BUT AM THINKING ABOUT STARTING IT BACK UP AGAIN. I'M NOT REALLY SURE, THOUGH. WELL I MUST GO NOW...

UNTIL WE MEET IN HELL,
AARON MENDIOLA,
BEYOND THE GRAVE ZINE/GRAVE PRODUCTIONS DISTRO
SAN ANTONIO, TX

Dear Pleazant,

Thank You for sending me a copy of your magazine. It was fantastic! I loved every single page of it! We need more people like you in this messed up world. There are a lot of people that are sort of like you, but are afraid to show themselves. I'm glad you are one who shows yourself!! OK, this has nothing to do with what I was talking about, but you look a lot like Courtney Love of the band Hole. I hope you don't mind me saying that! In my honor, I am submitting a few of my poems that have no titles. If you want, you can help me and put titles with them. Well, they're really not poems, they're lyrics that I have to sing. Once again I'dlike to Thank You for a copy of your FANTASTIC mag and enjoy my lyrics.

Peace, Love, Empathy,
Justin Cahill
Seward, PA

Hello Pleazant.

Well, what could I possibly say? I was literally at a loss for words when I saw the cover of your magazine. I do believe this is by far the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me. Thank You very, very, very, verrrry much! I've never been so touched. I didn't expect to see my angel on the cover like that, but it really made my day. I really think you did a fabulous job. It seems like Stirred Emotions is really taking off. I wish you soooo much success with your writing.

I showed your issue to everybody I know and a lot of people said they'd like a copy for themselves. So, I'll round up the $ and send it to ya soon, OK? I am really impressed by the fact that there are so many people from so many different places in your mag. I hope this really takes off for you. I really feel proud for you.

Our CD is finally finished. Of course, now comes a whole new era in which to keep my ass busy... Distribution, Sales, Taxes, Inventory, etc... Fun. Fun. Fun. I hope you like the CD. You'll have to give me your feedback. Can you guess which songs I sing?? I think it came out pretty cool...

I really loved the Vampire Girl you drew, opposite inside cover. Very Sexy!... We should have some out-of-town shows to look forward to soon, so I'm getting excited and antsy. ...I'll talk to you soon!

Lots O' Love,
Vinnie Meehan,
SUICIDE KINGS
Hollywood, CA

Dear Pleazant,

I want to thank you so much for sending me a copy of "Stirred Emotions." It has to be the coolest & best put together Lit mag I've ever read! (And I'm not just trying to flatter you.) I know I already sent you some of my poems, but I wanted to share this dream I had the other night. I hope you'll consider printing it... Thank You so much! Don't ever stop creating or writing! Blessed be...

Luv Always, Jackie Cline Oklahoma City, OK

STIRRED EMOTIONS™
AN OPEN FORUM FOR RAW CREATIVITY
Volume 1 Presented By Pleazant Dreamz Creations Issue 2

$3.00
March 1997
ON TOMORROW
Lyrics & Design by VINNIE MEEHAN of SUICIDE KINGS HOLLYWOOD, CA
Late at night it occurs to me that I can see what no one else can see.
Push it back...fade away...swallow all I need to say.
Static love from satellites keeps me safe and warm tonight
Bits and pieces cross the sky
Kiss your head tonight...so you dont cry.
But I was scared
I saw a world that lost it's soul and came to me...
...didn't have to be.
But no one dared to look inside themselves they're all afraid to see...
...whats killing me

A NOTE FROM... Pleazant

Especially like your laugh page. It was refreshing after all the agonizing, f---ing, and dying. Keep it rollin' Rid.

Love, Janice

* Janice...
I can never thank you enough for believing in this. Your generous support & financial gift is appreciated beyond words... Here's to the next 7 issues!! Love, Pleazant

CAPTAIN BLOOD
Sirocco Records
2106 S. Emerson Ave Indpls. IN. 46203
(317) 251-8850 (317) 356-1707
Dear Pleazant:
Hello, how are you? I am sending more stuff. Enclosed is my band's stuff, including a T-shirt. I have a lot of new poems I need to copy. If you don't mind, I'll send some of them soon... I'm just too busy drinkin' & tryin' to cheat life.
Hope you enjoy this stuff.
Take care and thanks.
Painfully Yours,
Bill Bruton,
CAPTAIN BLOOD
Indianapolis, IN
P.S. How about a photo of the beautiful Pleazant??
Band Members
Bill Bruton
Debbie Simmons
Mike Kruzil
Jay Maddox

Hey Pleazant !!

What's up? So, So SORRY it's taken me like a year to get back to you!

Anyways - Thank You for putting that ad for us in your last issue! Which, by the way, was Awesome! As a matter of fact, enclosed is $3. If you could send one to my Mom, she'd love it, and wants one. And will probably submit something to you soon!

Cool! So here is a 3 song tape for you! If you are into the stuff, I could probably send you a disc, too. Also, if you do contests, or something in Stirred Emotions, let me know, maybe we could do something.

Oh !! There will be an ad for you up on our website, for your magazine. So hopefully, you'll get some responses from it. In fact, it might be up already. I can't remember!

OK, I'll letcha go now! Thank You for your support and send along some flyers again, we gave them all out! Cool... hope to hear from you soon!

Gina,
NEUTRON CAFE
N. Babylon, NY

Dearest Pleazant,

You've been a busy little bee. I recieved the 2nd issue of STIRRED EMOTIONS and I can see that you will be cranking out a better issue w/ every trip to the printers. Needless to say, once again, I was very impressed and touched that you thanked me as sincerely as you did on the inside cover. How's Adam and your cute little bird? I hope you're inspired by them to write some more killer poems! You do have a way w/ words. All the poems submitted are highly rewarding to the ear! A true delight!! I sound like Siskel & Ebert doing a movie review. Anyway, I shall send you shortly more of my poetry, I dearly hope you enjoy them w/ fervor and print them in the upcoming "STIRRED EMOTIONS." Peace, Love & Granola,

Your Friend,
Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

Pleazant C. Noon,

There ain't enough hours in the day, you heard the story. I'm up a little after 5 weekday mornings, get home around 5 that evening. I try to create every day, or set aside some time for letter writing the mail I get. I am always interested in making new contacts. I enjoyed 'Stirred Emotions.' I read every page. Some hit me more than others. Could you possibly pass along the addresses of the following contributors in this issue?? I'd very much like to connect... They are: LADISLAV TURJANCIK, DAN PATERNO, KAREN BADRE, LAURA JOY LUSTIG, J. ECKLE, PATTI GREENE, WILLIAM BRUTON and TIMOTHY PAIGE. Please pass along which ever ones you have. Hope you enjoy the chapbooks I sent. It's very (at times) experimental, I know. It's where my heads at now. Read it simply by joining the group of sentences together, a picture might form in your head. Feel free to print anything of mine for "Stirred Emotions." Accept my $3. for the next issue. After I go through them, I circulate them to various writing contacts.

Stay in contact,
Mark Sonnenfeld
MARYMARK PRESS
East Windsor, NJ

Dear Pleazant,

Thank You for sending us a copy of issue #2 OF your STIRRED EMOTIONS literary magazine. We appreciated you featuring us (HEAVY WOOD) on page #38. Although we would have preferred if the lyrics had not been "doctored," but I guess "S P A C E" was an issue -- hal hal, no pun intended. Please find enclosed a third "poetry" submission for the next issue of your publication, as well as a complimentary copy of our first album, "OUTER SPACE," for your listening pleasure. You have our gratitude, best of luck, hope this helps and THANK YOU for your continued interest in HEAVY WOOD.

Sincerely, Christopher L. Zerance
HEAVY WOOD
West Caldwell, NJ

PLEAZANT,

I JUST GOT THE NEW ISSUE AND STAYED UP ALL NIGHT READING IT... COVER TO COVER. THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE PAGE YOU DID ON US. IT WAS GREAT! I DO A LOT OF B&W PHOTO COPY PASTE-UP WORK FOR THE BAND. IF YOU EVER NEED HELP PUTTING THE MAGAZINE TOGETHER, PLEASE CONTACT ME. I'D BE HAPPY TO RETURN THE FAVOR FOR THE POSITIVE PRESS YOU'VE GIVEN TRUTHCIRCLE!

THANKS AGAIN,
SCOTT HILDNER, TRUTHCIRCLE
CLIFFSIDE PARK, NJ

Pleazant,

Thank You for the latest issue of STIRRED EMOTIONS and for printing my works. I only ask that you not edit them -- I noticed one word changed in "21." It should be "THE" shadow of millions, not "A." It detracted from the meaning and left me embarrassed and pist in a way. Would you dabble with a Dali?? 'Nuff said...

Kudos for the PETA ad. Are you animal friendly? I think those "animal friendly" NJ license plates should be for vegetarians ONLY! I particularly enjoyed the poetry of LAURA JOY LUSTIG. Love to meet 'er! "TRIPPING" by DAN PATERNO is by far the best poem in this issue! I CAN RELATE! I think LADISLAV TURJANCIK is very talented, as well. Very interesting...

The magazine has a great underground feel. Start thinking about approaching publishers. EXPAND! Get a pro to manage and promote you. GO FOR IT!! DO NOT BE AFRAID!! You have a great concept going here. You will never be at a loss for material. People want press. All the closet poets, etc... I see this as being the equivalent of the Aquarian. ONLY COOLER! GO! GO!! GO!!! Take it to the next level. I CHALLENGE YOU!! Best of luck...

A True Friend Always,
Timothy Paige
Belle Mead, NJ

Thanx for the mag! 1000% better! Really excellent this time. Huge improvement! My new issue, #41, is finished. I'll try and do something on STIRRED EMOTIONS next time.

Anything else I can do for you, please ask. I sent your 1st issue to Mistress Q in Charlotte, NC... she's trying to break into the biz. I'll send this one to Droux Suicide out in Denver. She's doing a Zine and is helping out a couple of bands. One from L.A. -- Willow Wisp.

Please do me a big favor and pass out these flyers. Stay in touch and again... ANYTHING I can do for you... JUST ASK!!

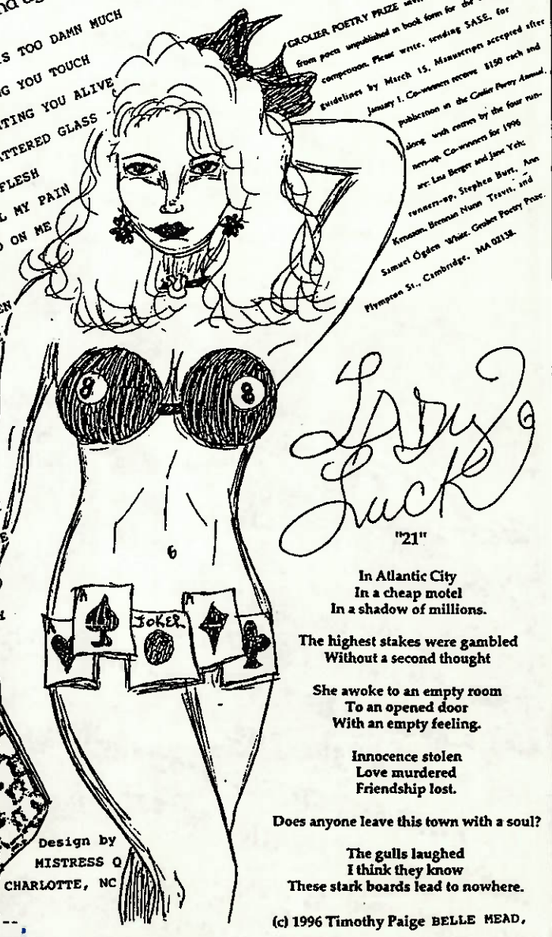
Richard C.
THE WILD RAG
Montebello, CA

BROKEN

YOU TELL IT LIKE IT IS TOO DAMN MUCH
YOU DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH
THE HATE INSIDE IS EATING YOU ALIVE
IT CUTS YOU LIKE A SHATTERED GLASS
TEARING UP YOUR FLESH
OPENING YOUR VIENS FEEL MY PAIN
THE PAIN YOU INFLICTED ON ME
BY SAYING WORDS THAT
SHOULD NEVER BE SPOKEN
WITH THIS KIND OF LOVE
WHO NEEDS HATE
SPEAK THE WORDS THAT
SEAL MY FATE
BROKEN AND BETRAYED
WATCH THE TIDE THAT
BINDS SLOWLY FADE AWAY
I'M DYING INSIDE 'CAUSE
YOU'RE KILLING ME
WITH EVERYTHING YOU SAY

Poem by
JULIE HUMES
PLEASANT VALLEY, NY

GROLIER POETRY PRIZE seeks unpublished book form for the 1997 competition. Please write, sending SASE, for guidelines by March 15. Manuscripts accepted after January 1. Co-winners receive $150 each and publication in the Grolier Poetry Annual, along with runners-up. Co-winners for 1996 are: Lee Berger and Jane Yolen; runners-up, Stephen Burt, Ann Knudsen, Brennan Nunn Travis, and Samuel Ogden White. Grolier Poetry Prize, Pforzheimer St., Cambridge, MA 02138.



Lady Luck

"21"

In Atlantic City
In a cheap motel
In a shadow of millions.

The highest stakes were gambled
Without a second thought

She awoke to an empty room
To an opened door
With an empty feeling.

Innocence stolen
Love murdered
Friendship lost.

Does anyone leave this town with a soul?

The gulls laughed
I think they know
These stark boards lead to nowhere.

(c) 1996 Timothy Paige BELLE MEAD,

More Letters...

Greetings Pleazant,

Greg here from Compression and Struggle Zine!

Hello my sister. Great to hear from you. Thank You very much for the issues of Stirred Emotions, they are phenomenal! I'm glad you enjoyed my submission, "The Prophet of a Sinner." I used that piece in the past to describe the latest Type O Negative album, but it's kind of a personal revelation to my readers, and a very true story. It's amusing to think at one time I hated myself so much that I did such destructive things. Thank God, maturity and common sense set in and I straightened my path a bit. As a philosophy major in college, I did some really interesting papers. I was wondering if you might accept another submission. The band keeps me busy writing lyrics. Most of my lyrics are from poems I wrote or just thoughts that I jot down in my notebook. Most of them are reflections of lost relationships and my vivacious drive to return to my original ethereal state of being, which is nothingness.

Back to Stirred Emotions, I commend you on your creative endeavor. I am very impressed by your work. It's very raw, very real. Most zines I come in contact w/ are Death Metal or Hard-core zines run by big hairy Satan Bastards or just straight edge Krishna Skinheads. Stirred Emotions definitely and thankfully sticks out from the hum-drum typical norm type zine. Thank You for supplying the world w/ variety!

CompOression is very busy. Our first full length album just came out in Europe. Right now, we are working w/ a management team out of Boston, trying to get the album out in America. This summer we hope to tour Europe (knock on wood!) and then tour parts of the USA. Working a day job and a night job sucks! We want to play music, meet people, travel, live, etc... My college philosophy degree is doing me no good in the retail business. I need to get on the road, not shower, and toss road kill around.

Send me more flyers to pass around! Thanks for your support, check out our new CD, write me you can, good luck w/ all your projects and peace...

Greg
Compression
&
Struggle Zine
Towson, MD

DEAR PLEAZANT,

THANKS FOR THE MAGAZINE. I USUALLY DON'T GET MANY NON-MUSIC RELATED ZINES, SO YOURS WAS A COOL AND PLEASANT SURPRISE.

I WILL LIST STIRRED EMOTIONS IN MY ZINE AND I WILL MENTION THAT IT IS A LITERARY ZINE, AS WELL.

TAKE CARE,

CHRIS FORBES, METAL CORE ZINE

MARLTON, NJ

I received a postcard in the mail a little while back, which was asking for contributions for a literary magazine put out by "Pleazant Dreamz Creations." Here are some poems and stuff. They might be appropriate and they might not...

Thanks,
Chrissy Fraser
CANADA

STIRRED EMOTIONS,

Thank You so much for the compliments on my work. I am glad you will use them. I enclosed $3. for the next issue. I can't wait to read other talented artists and see their work. I think it is great that you take peoples work and publish it in your magazine.

I have sent some lyrics I have recently wrote, I don't know how to write the music, but I still sent them along to you. I really hope I did all right writing this material. I also told my friend, Shane, and he should probably be sending you some of his work. He's very talented also. I would also appreciate if you could let me know when the new editions come out, because I would love to collect them all.

Thank You for your time and I hope you enjoy the rest of my work. I also have a lot more poems. I love to write. I even write my own novels... Horror, Romance, Action, etc... Anything my imagination comes up with. I am presently working on a romance novel.

Thanx Again!
Tammy Kay Litchford
Trevor, WI

P.C. Noon,

Thanx for your wonderful comments on TSD! I really appreciate the support/suggestions. If you would create an ad for Tower it would be most appreciated!

Good bye for now...

Scott

SCOTT WALDRUP,
TWISTED TOWER DIRE
VIENNA, VA

Pleazant,

Matthew here from MESSE NOIR. Thanks for printing the ad. And for the Zine (Issue #2). Wild Fucking Wild shit you have here. It shows the true underground is huge! There is no end to creativity!!

Thanks Again,
Matthew Prevost
MESSE NOIR
Meriden, CT

Hail, Pleazant!

Joe here from NATAS PROD./MESSE NOIR. Thanx for the zine. I think it's great to see women involved in the Death Metal Underground and Extreme Art/Poems scene. I would like to see more women doing this.

Anyway, I'll distribute your zine. I see you charge $3. per issue, but what are your wholesale prices for distributors??

Write Back Soon,
Joe Gianetti,
NATAS PROD./MESSE NOIR
Meriden, CT

GREETINGS !
MANY THANKS FOR THE VERY INTERESTING ZINE OF YOURS -- EXCELLENT READING !! PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF I CAN HELP -- IF YOU HAVE ADS. FEEL FREE TO SEND THEM... AS I DO HUGE AMOUNTS OF MAIL PLEASE SPREAD OURS. TAKE CARE AND THANKS AGAIN !!
YOURS. BLADE (OF ANGELKILL) LECLAIRE, IA

Dear Pleazant,

I was so happy to see my name and story (Beth Sennesh, A Vampire Story) in your magazine. It was my 1st ever publishing. And for a 14 yr. old, that's a large accomplishment. I think it's great that you make something for people to express themselves in a world where you're told to shut up! Although you spelled my last name wrong, I'm still SO thankful!!

Love,
Beth Sennesh
McLean, VA

P.S. You are so talented, has anyone ever told you that?

P.P.S. I've enclosed $3. for the next issue, I hope to be in it...

Dear Ms. Noon:

Your letter pleased me. Your encouragement by publishing my story, "LA NUDE MACARENA," in your upcoming Oct. 1997 issue is greatly appreciated. I'm sending 3 poems, use them if they please you. "SOFT FEMININE LADY" was written long ago about a female body builder. I think, (no feel) it matches the STIRRED EMOTIONS tone. "TEACH MY GIRL POLITICS" is a short, shocker poem w/ various feminist readings. And "USES OF DIFFERENT BLOOMS" is a romantic poem of yearning love.

I enjoyed almost every piece in the 1st two issues. I sincerely hope success sweeps you skybound into serious clouds... and that you stay successful. I was fascinated by your poems and artwork. Love those VAMPIRE babes... KATRIANNA page, Dominants and, of course, MISTRESS Q. I am smitten by MISTRESS Q!! I especially liked page #11 and #28 of volume 1, Issue #2.

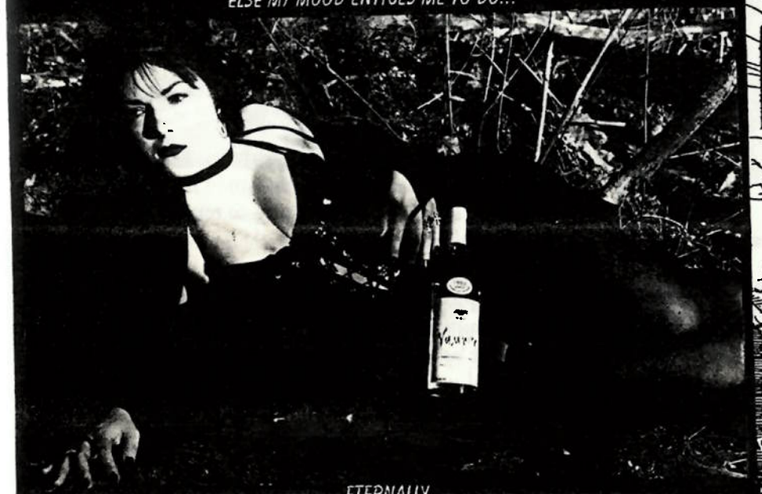
Your piece, "DELICATE HEAT" (Great layout, graphics, text mix), LAYRA JOY LUSTIG's poem, "AND YOU SAY YOU LISTEN," CARRIE LYN LEWIS' work and "SENSATION STRANGER" by KAREN BADRE... were ALL HOT, to say the least!! Keep up the fascinating format!

Thanks again!
Mr. Carey Fontaine
Cincinatti, OH

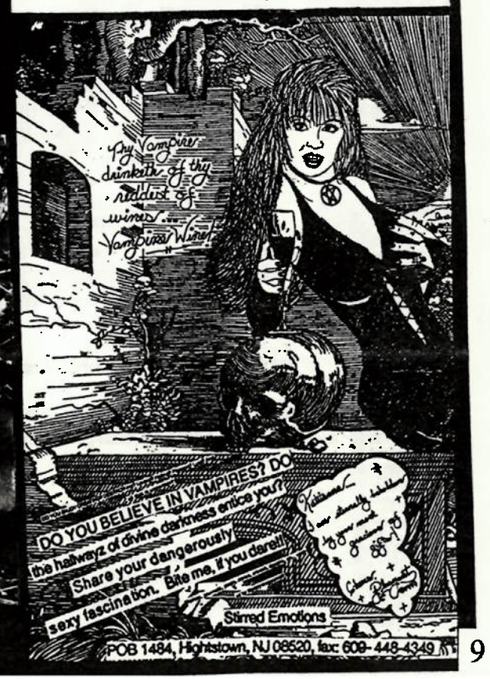
DEAREST PLEAZANT,

I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED THE VAMPIRE WINE. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE. THE PICTURE YOU DREW OF ME IN ISSUE #2 WAS INCREDIBLE. IF THERE IS EVER ANYTHING I CAN DO OR HELP YOU WITH, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO ASK. AS I AM ALWAYS LOOKING TO CORRESPOND WITH THOSE WHO SHARE MY INTERESTS, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD PLEASE PRINT THE FOLLOWING:

I AM LOOKING TO CORRESPOND WITH THOSE WHO SHARE MY INTERESTS... CREATING, DESTROYING, LOVING, HATING, PASSION, LUST AND ALL THAT IS UNCERTAIN. ALSO, VAMPIRES, BLACK ROSES, BATS, MUSIC, POETRY, VIOLENCE, SERENITY, AND WHATEVER ELSE MY MOOD ENTICES ME TO DO...



ETERNALLY,
KATRIANNA A. DELUCIANO P.O. BOX 862 BELLE MEAD, NJ 08502


DO YOU BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES? DO
the hallwayz of divine darkness entice you?
Share your dangerously
sexy fascination. Bite me, if you dare!!
Stirred Emotions
POB 1484, Hightstown, NJ 08520, fax: 609-448-4349

Even More Letters...

OUT OF DESPERATION COMES CREATIVITY!!!

P.S. ALL THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTIST'S, POETS, ETC., LEAD TORTURED LIVES.

Dearest Pleazant,

I just recieved STIRRED EMOTIONS #2
And I would like to say, THANK YOU!
Thank You, once again,
For using so many things I've penned.
Not to mention, for being my friend.
What the future holds in store for me,
I can only wait and see.
Although I'm a handsome 6' tall,
With beautiful brown hair so long,
There is still something wrong.
After 5 years of forced celibacy,
The lonliness is slowly killing me.
26 years without a long-term girlfriend,
Is bringing about my end.
I Thank You for all your friendship
Through the years,
And with all the laughter,
You brought me through the tears.
I feel so unwanted and lonely,
Because no women I like ever look at me.
Ever since I was a child,
I knew I wanted to be sexually wild.
But I was too young to see
How hard finding the right girl would be.
I don't want girls with
Body piercings or a tattoo.
Just a feminine Bi-Sexual beauty will do.
I LOVE girls 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 feet,
Chest size doesn't matter,
But she should be petite.
I LOVE girls who dress sexy
In really high heels...
But in my search for my dream girl,
I'm just spinning my wheels.
I can't believe
All the joy and fun I've missed...
Because the opposite sex
Acts like I don't even exist!
I could blame myself for being so shy,
But that's what makes me
A sweet and loveable guy.
Well, no reason to bother you
With my trouble,
I'll say goodbye as my heart lies
In a broken rubble.
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK
ON YOUR FINE PUBLICATION...
And after Issue #3,
You'll hear from me,
If I make it to my next life station!

Michael Vincent
5148 Front St.
Whitehall, PA 18052

Dear Pleazant...

Here's some new stuff hot off the presses! (I'll be pressin' apples for the next week or so, then it's back to printing, poetry, songs & stuff!)

Let me know what's up with the next cool issue of "Stirred Emotions."

Dan Paterno
Newton, NJ

P.S. I am making you a special tape of new and old stuff for you. One of the instrumental pieces is titled "Pleazant Dreamz."

Greetings!

I saw your Postal flyer. Hmm... interesting! Not enough info. I run a Zine. Perhaps you'd like to trade advertising space?

What are your submission perimeters? I write both prose and poetry, as well as articles on random things... as well as wield an art pencil, which my friends swear is magical, and keep looking around corners for more of my characters to come into being from thin air to talk to them.

Also, if you send me a bunch of flyers, I'll pass them out for you.

Well, if you're anywhere near as busy as me... I'll let you go. Hope to hear from you soon...

Forever Beyond The Light,
Bethanny Syane Smythe, Lawrence, KS

Greetings Pleazant,

I enjoyed the darkness of your first issue, your concept is a great one. To expose raw energy in people... whether it's dark or bright... is the best way to represent the true essence of these times.

I have enclosed some new submissions. I assure you they are authentic of the terror and depression of this plague we call life. I hope you enjoy them. You may use my actual name instead of the alias, "Lasstrytes." Thanks and hail to your fine publication. HELL FROST IV is out now, you'll recieve a copy soon.

Joe Headcrash, (SunKrusher@aol.com) Milwaukee, WI

225 W. 25TH St., Suite 1D, NYC 10001
DETOX DARLINGS
Phone (212) 887-0913 Fax (212) 533-1937
E-mail DetoxNYC@aol.com

PLEAZANT C. NOON
P.O. BOX 1484
HIGHSTOWN, NJ 08520

APRIL 17, 1997

DEAR PLEAZANT,

YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY INTERESTING NAME YOURSELF! YOU WERE ALSO RIGHT ON THE MONEY AS TO THE ORIGIN OF MY IDENTITY. SURPRISINGLY, NOT MANY PEOPLE ARE HIP TO THE ZIGGY STARDUST CONNECTION AS IT RELATES TO ME. I'VE HAD A NUMBER OF OTHER STAGE NAMES THROUGH THE BEERS, BUT SPYDER'S THE ONE THAT I ALWAYS CUM BACK TO. YOUR BLACK WIDOW TAT SOUNDS MOST ENTICING. PERHAPS ONE DARK NIGHT I'LL GET TO SEE IT WITH MY OWN BLOODSHOT EYES.

I APPRECIATE YOUR SENDING THE "STIRRED EMOTIONS" ISSUES SO QUICKLY. THAT'S A PRETTY HIP ZINE YOUVE GOT THERE AND THE DARLINGS AND I ARE REALLY LOOKING FOWARD TO BEING A PART OF IT.

SO, WELCOME TO THE DELICIOUSLY DECADENT WORLD OF DETOX DARLINGS. NEW YORK CITY'S #1 GLAM/PUNK/ROCK'N ROLL XXX-TRAVAGANZA! IF YOU LIKE NY DOLLS, ROLLING STONES, JOHNNY THUNDERS, HANOI ROCKS, SEX PISTOLS, RAMONES AND OTHER SIMILARLY ILL-MANNERED MUSICAL MADMEN, THEN YOU'LL LOVE US TO DEATH (AND BEYOND!).

IN SHORT, WE LOOK KOOL AND KICK ASS, NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER! AND FOR ONLY $7 (CASH PLEAZE) WE'LL SEND YOUR READERS OUR TAPE, BIOS, LYRICS AND A BUNCH OF OTHER GOODIES THAT THEY JUST GOTTA HAVE!

FOR THE TRULY ADVENTUROUS, WE ALSO HAVE A RAW POWERED, LIVE ACTION NYS PREMIERE ROCK'N ROLL DIVES! AT ONLY $10, HOW FAR WRONG CAN YOU GO? ORDER THE TAPE AND VIDEO FOR ONLY $15 AND SAVE, SAVE, SAVE!!!!!!!!!!!! BEWARE: BREAKING THE CHAIN WILL LEAD TO DRY SKIN, SPLIT ENDS AND ALL MANNER OF PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL DECAY!

DON'T DELAY, SEND TODAY!

PLEAZANT, THANX SO MUCH FOR YOUR INTEREST IN OUR HUMBLE, YET EXXXQUISITE EFFORTS. WE LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU REAL SOON!

SIN-CERELY,
Spyder Darling
SPYDER DARLING
GUITAR SLINGER/ROCK'N ROLL SINGER
DETOX DARLINGS
P.S. NO SLEEP TILL DETOX!

Pleazant Dreamz,
Spyder

P.C.

Phil Grasso here from GME DISTRO and MADD HUNTER. I've sent you my MH CD. I was intrigued by your ad, and was hoping that my CD would be a fair trade for a copy of your magazine. I do have a few friends that write, so I'll let them check it out and see. I look forward to hearing from you and to check out your mag.

Take Care,
Phil Grasso,
GME RECORDS & DISTRIBUTION
Rockland, MA

Pleazant,

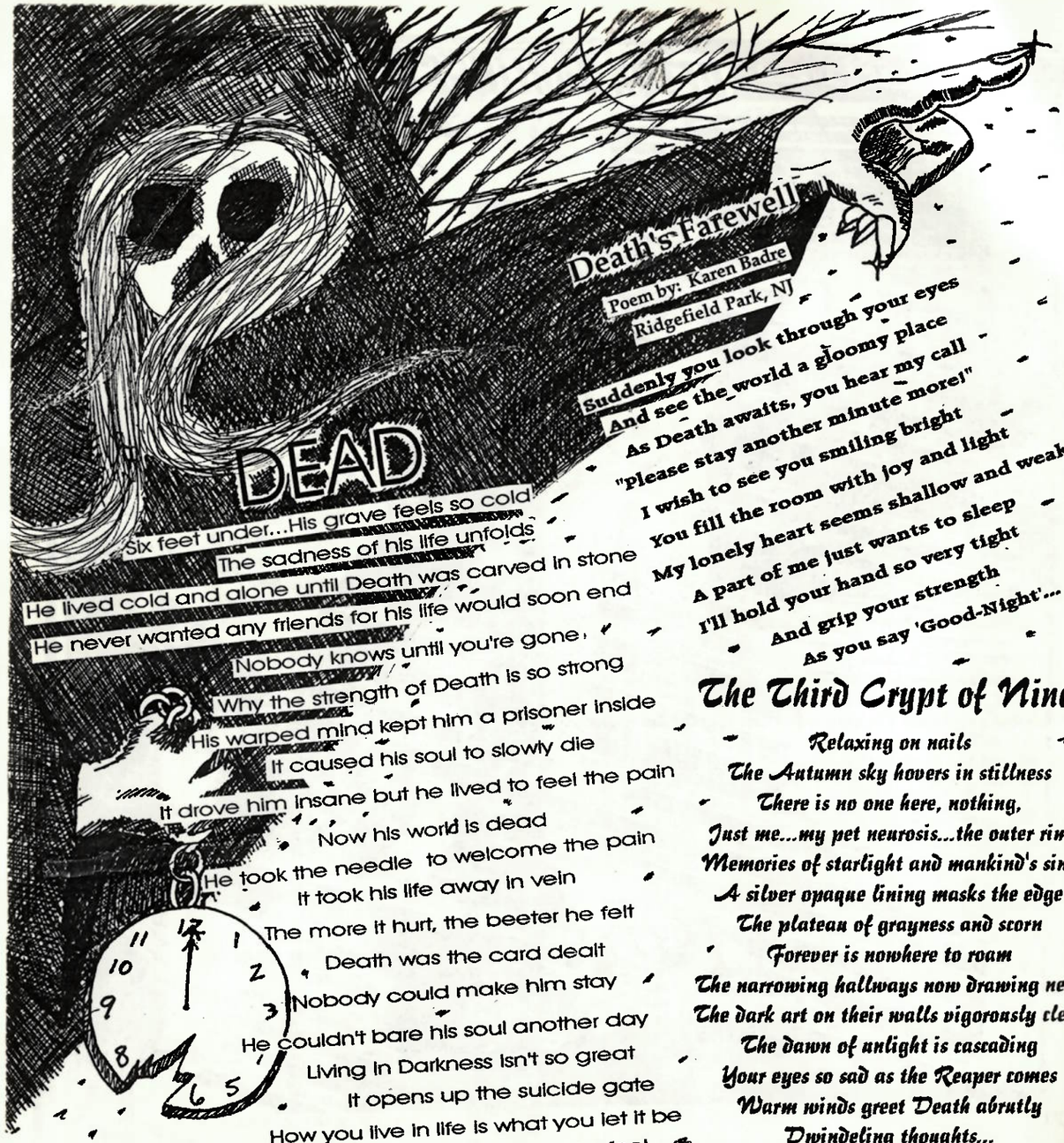
Thanks for the Zine and for running my ad! I really appreciate it!! I don't have time to write anything for Stirred Emotions at the moment, but I'd like to in the future.

Thanks again and Take Care,
Ray Miller,
CURSED PRODUCTIONS
Elkhart, IN

Hello Pleazant,

Got a postcard of yours and decided to write. I'm working on a book called, Mind Mechanix. Maybe you'd like to print some of it in your magazine. If you do, let me know. Can I get a copy? I'll trade. I also do a Zine. If you're not interested, I also write dark poetry. OK. Keep the ads coming & stay in touch.

PARCHED WITH THIRST I AM DYING,
THE ALMIGHTY
(Sven Krannen),
NOCTURNAL EMPIRE
Cahokia, IL



Death's Farewell

Poem by: Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

Six feet under...His grave feels so cold
The sadness of his life unfolds
He lived cold and alone until Death was carved in stone
He never wanted any friends for his life would soon end
Nobody knows until you're gone
Why the strength of Death is so strong
His warped mind kept him a prisoner inside
It caused his soul to slowly die
It drove him insane but he lived to feel the pain
Now his world is dead
He took the needle to welcome the pain
It took his life away in vein
The more it hurt, the beeter he felt
Death was the card dealt
Nobody could make him stay
He couldn't bare his soul another day
Living in Darkness isn't so great
It opens up the suicide gate
How you live in life is what you let it be
The different feelings you feel
Are the different opportunities you see
If your soul chooses the end
Then Death becomes your only friend

Suddenly you look through your eyes
And see the world a gloomy place
As Death awaits, you hear my call
"please stay another minute more!"
I wish to see you smiling bright
You fill the room with joy and light
My lonely heart seems shallow and weak
A part of me just wants to sleep
I'll hold your hand so very tight
And grip your strength
As you say 'Good-Night'...

DESIGN BY PLEAZANT©1997

Lyrics by
Tammy Kay Litchford
Trevor, WI

The Third Crypt of Nine

Relaxing on nails
The Autumn sky hovers in stillness
There is no one here, nothing,
Just me...my pet neurosis...the outer rim
Memories of starlight and mankind's sins
A silver opaque lining masks the edge
The plateau of grayness and scorn
Forever is nowhere to roam
The narrowing hallways now drawing near
The dark art on their walls vigorously clear
The dawn of unlight is cascading
Your eyes so sad as the Reaper comes
Warm winds greet Death abrutly
Dwindeling thoughts...
A life and a Hell,
And a story to tell...

Poem by Joe Headcrash
Milwaukee, wi

"I been talkin' to my alter, it says life is what you make it

BEN...

YOU AND I ALWAYS DID GET ALONG WELL,
DIDN'T WE BEN? I WAS ALWAYS THERE FOR YOU AND YOU
FOR ME. WE HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL, HUH, BEN? BEST FRIENDS
FOREVER! UNTIL THE END! WHAT HAPPENED, BEN? I STILL DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU
WERE STRONG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US. WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE YOU, BEN? I KNOW YOU ASKED THE SAME
QUESTION, BUT NEITHER ONE OF US KNOWS THE ANSWER FOR SURE. THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE, BEN. YOU RAN AND RAN.
AND HOW YOU CRIED! I CRIED FOR YOU TO, BEN. WE WERE BOTH A COUPLE OF WRECKS, WEREN'T WE? YOU WERE SO SCARED. I WAS
MORE AFRAID THAN I EVER LET ON. THEY MADE ME SO ANGRY, BEN! I YELLED UNTIL I LOST MY VOICE. BUT FOR ALL THE YELLING I'VE DONE,
THEY HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD. THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HARD IT WAS ON YOU. HOW I WISH IT WAS ME INSTEAD. I WANTED TO KILL IT, BEN.
I SAW THE PAIN IN CAUSED YOU. YOU WERE QUITE A PAIR. BELIEVE ME, BEN, YOU WEREN'T ALONE. I WAS ALWAYS THERE, I WOULD HAVE DIED
FOR YOU, BEN. WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME, BEN? I KNOW IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. I WAS JUST SO UNFAIR. IT'S STILL UNREAL TO ME. I STILL CRY
FOR YOU SOMETIMES, BEN. AND I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT. I WANTED TO HELP YOU, BEN. I REALLY DID.
BUT I COULDN'T. IT JUST WASN'T POSSIBLE. AND I HATE MYSELF FOR IT. I KNOW, YOU TOLD ME IT WASN'T MY FAULT. I JUST FEEL SO HELPLESS. THE
WORLD MUST BE PRETTY CORRUPTED PLACE WHEN AN INNOCENT GUY LIKE YOU HAS TO PAY FOR THE FAULTS OF ANOTHER, HUH, BEN? I HOPE YOU'RE
AN ANGEL UP THERE. THAT WOULD MAKE YOU REALLY HAPPY, WOULDN'T IT? YOU KNOW HOW THEY SAY 'EVERY TIME A STAR LIGHTS UP... AN ANGEL
GETS THEIR WINGS?' WELL, I'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR YOURS, CURTIS AND I ARE REALLY GOOD FRIENDS NOW, BEN. THIS REALLY BROUGHT US
TOGETHER. I BET THAT MAKES YOU HAPPY, DOESN'T IT? YOU ALWAYS WANTED "C" AND I TO BE GOOD FRIENDS, ALEX IS A RECLUSE NOW. I HAVEN'T
HARDLY SEEN HIM SINCE. IT'S REALLY HARD ON HIM, TOO. IN OUR MINDS, I THINK WE'VE ALL AGED A FEW YEARS. WELL, I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, BEN.
I GUESS I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, OK? I'M OFF TO FIGHT YOUR DEMONS. YEAH, THE OPNES WHO STOLE YOU RIGHT FROM UNDER MY NOSE. I KNOW A
LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HAVE TO DEAL WITH THOSE BASTARD THREE LETTER DEMONS EVERYDAY, BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING, "WHY WAS BEN THE
ONE TO DIE!?" I'VE REALLY GOT TO GO NOW, BEN... GOODBYE FORVER,

CHRISSY FRASER CANADA

ENTRANCE TO ETERNAL SLEEP

There's a blood red cloud up above
in the sky where soulchasers roam.
My pastures gone away.
My earth is dying slow.
Somehow the moon and sun did collide.
I watched the seas boil,
The days turned black.
There was nowhere to hide.
Death feels so good, oh it feels so deep.
The icy scent of a funeralesque dream.
Disincarnation scrapes me with such ecstasy
I invite you to the eternal sleep

Poem by Joe Headcrash
Milwaukee, WI

My Friend

There was a time
When Your life was brand new
When all of time had laid ahead
Waiting for you
The April tulips bloomed
The year was innocent
The sunshine warmed us all
My little puppy
Your eyes could stop the world
My best friend, beyond ends
My God
The time has gone
We're here and we're not ready
Not believing, in amazement
Ans so we all age
And our eyes know
With sorrow and love
We've come a long way
Only to go
To go apart
Again one day
My friend

Poem by Timothy Paige©
Belle Mead, NJ

and if you make it Death... well, rest your soul away..." MLB

Bereaved Lashings

Head in a noose... Loosening headaches
Hatred, pain, scars on my head.
Lacerating punishment, agony, resentment.
The river flows on, time itself, never stops.
Misery, black anguish in the hour of disgust.
Inner mirror, perfection demise.
The process of Death itself...
A few seconds?
Or an Eternity of animated lifelessness?
The Earth will hear my bidding.

Drowning in unshed tears so dark.
Nails pierce my will, bloodied thorn whip.
The accuser and the lamb.
Cold is the flesh, devoid of all feeling.
At loss is the presence of a pulse.
Lips turn blue.

At loss is also the yearning to be Human.
A feeble scream fills my tortured ears.
A mist of Nothingness greets my eyes
In this hallowed hour of the morning gray.

The process of Death, to be turned inside out.
A soul charred, all golden life drained...
A reflection soaked in Holy water...
The burnt angel and the Garden of Sorrow.
The act of resurrection.
A slowly perishing nonexistent soul.
Life crawls from beneath.

Inside, blood trickles down the wall of my soul.
The bloodied wall.
Names and echoes, like an entrance to Hell itself.
Pardoned hands perform melodies...
Scorned ivory keys.
The leveling knots untied.
A final procession to evolution.
A sheathed knife of white...
Havoc wrecked one more time.

Poem by Joe Headcrash Milwaukee, WI

THE PUSH TO FRENZY

BRING IN THE PUSH TO FRENZY
MASTERS OF THE BLOODY FURY
SHADOWS TWIST ACROSS THE FLOOR
FORBIDDEN BOOK, FORGOTTEN LORE
POISON WORDS, THEY CALM THE SEA
LAWLESS SOUL TO KNOWLEDGE SEEK
THE LAST VISION DIES
WITH HIM WHO BEHOLDS
TRY TO BREAK THE BOND
BREAK MY LIMBS
I'M MADE WHOLE AGAIN
NEW BLOOD FLOWS THROUGH THEM
SO LOST, SO ALONE
BRING ABOUT THE CHANGE
CRUSH DELAY
THEY CONFRONT ME ALL MY LIFE
ON BOTH SIDES OF SLEEP THEY'VE DIED
ANALYZE THE WORDS I WRITE
ON BOTH SIDES OF SLEEP THEY'VE TRIED
AND LIKE THE MOON, WE WAX AND WANE
WE SUCK THE MADNESS DOWN THE BRAIN
BRING IN THE PUSH TO FURY
MASTERS OF THE BLOOODY FURY

LYRICS WRITTEN BY
BEN SARGATAN OF
VERDILAK

THE NEW HELL

GIVE ME YOUR WEAK TO TRAIN
GIVE ME YOUR POOR AND INSANE
YOU'RE FREED OF VISION
ATTRITION HAS FLOWN
GIVE ME YOUR LIFE, IT LEAVES
GIVE ME YOUR FEAR, IT SCREAMS
YOU BREED TRADITION
SUBMISSION YOUR ONLY LAW
I WILL LAY
LAY DOWN WITH THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN
I WILL LAY
LAY DOWN A KISS OF PAIN
YOU LAY
LAY WITH YOUR MIND IN CHAINS
YOU WILL LAY
LAY DOWN A KISS OF SHAME
BECAUSE OF ALL YOUR LIES
BECAUSE OF ANCIENT RITES
THAT'S WHY MY HANDS ARE STAINED
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE BROKE AND LAME
WHERE YOU GARNER YOUR HOPES
YOU WILL FIND THE BEAST
THE GREATEST CURSE
WHERE YOU SIN THE LEAST
BREAK THE BREAD
I'M NIETHER BORN, NOR SUFFERED DEATH
FALSE TIES DON'T BIND
CHRIST DID NOT DIE FOR MANKIND
BREAK THE BREAD
I'M NEITHER BORN, NOR SUFFERED DEATH
NIGHTSHADE DON'T FADE
SPIN YOU A TALE OF HOPELESS HATE

VERDILAK

VAMPIRE is said to be a/an _____ (ADJECTIVE) corpse that rises at night from his _____ (PLURAL NOUN). Vampires prey on _____ (PLURAL NOUN) and suck _____ (A LIQUID) from their _____ (PLURAL NOUN).

WEREWOLF is believed to be a _____ (NOUN) who changes into a wolf when the moon is _____ (ADJECTIVE). Werewolves grow hair on all parts of their _____ (PLURAL NOUN).

WITCH is thought to be a woman who has _____ (ADJECTIVE) powers, supposedly obtained by entering a pact with the _____ (NOUN) or evil _____ (PLURAL NOUN). Children think of witches as having black pointy _____ (PLURAL NOUN) and flying through the air on _____ (PLURAL NOUN). A man with such powers is called a WAR_____ (NOUN).

VERDILAK
P.O. Box 1002
Asbury Park, NJ 07712

Here is a list of the most _____ (ADJECTIVE) horror _____ (PLURAL NOUN) ever made in Hollywood.

Each of these _____ (ADJECTIVE) films received a rating of two _____ (PART OF BODY (PLURAL))-up from Siskel and Ebert.

1. *The Hunch* _____ (PART OF BODY) *of Notre* _____ (NOUN)
2. *The* _____ (NOUN) *of the Living* _____ (NOUN)
3. *The* _____ (NOUN) *of Frankenstein*
4. *Invasion of the* _____ (NOUN) *Snatchers*
5. *The* _____ (NOUN) *from the* _____ (ADJECTIVE) *Lagoon*
6. *I Was a Teenage Were-*_____ (NOUN)
7. *The* _____ (NOUN) *of the Opera*

Featuring former members of DYING BREED, GAFFED, and LATSHAW.

The purpose of VERDILAK is simple...
To take all of the dark emotions that result from living a shitty life in a shitty world and channel them into music. This, combined with a passion for literature, films and art that fall in the bizarre or horror genre...give VERDILAK their unique sound. The songs shift between vicious anger and depressing gothic, displaying a variety of influences and not falling into any particular category. Plans for 1997 include, a debut recording, various merchandise and an out-break of live appearances in the NY/NJ/PA area. Join the VERDILAK cartel and you will be informed in advance of all releases and appearances.

NO VERDILAK
NO PAIN

KNOW VERDILAK
KNOW PAIN

UPON LAYER, WE DANCE ACROSS

WITHIN WHEELS, LAYER

I told that girl, I said, 'You better get the fuck away from me!' I'll be damned! That was the last fucking thing she did. All night long. In my face. I spit on her once. Tried to be nice. Tried elusion. Nota. She was on me like... well... Anyway, I jacked her up against the wall and asked her, 'What the fuck!?' Her direct response was, 'You're what the fuck!' So I took her home. Did her. Good. Crashed. Hard. Wake up. Didn't open my eyes, you know how it is... get your bearings and shit, right!? So I feel the bitch beside me and I open one eye. She's there alright. And not just that, the bitch has this big ass bug crawlin' out of her mouth. A roach. Another. Another. Fuck. Hell. Christ. I'm on the floor watching by now. Hell, I must have watched her for hours. Saw roaches turn into lines of ants. Hell, saw them turn into catapillars. All walking a line out the door. Finally the last one ended. Walked out the door. Bitch could of at

LEAST SAID SHE WAS LEAVING!

Story by M. Scott Whittington Miami, FL

TAKING HOLD

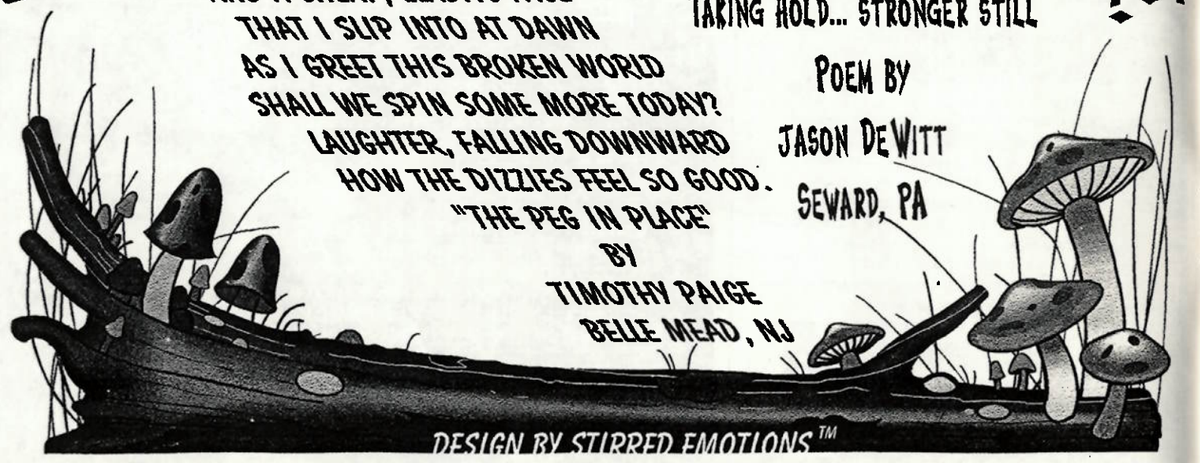
It takes hold... slowly... quickly
Taking hold... not letting go
It takes hold... silently... loudly
Taking hold... it's face not shown
It takes hold... calmly... fiercely
Taking hold... know you're not immune
It takes hold... hear me... believe
Taking hold... much... much too soon
It takes hold... and grips
Tearing at you... crushing souls
It takes hold... so fuck you
And the rest... I take hold you
Whining little pests... parasites
Twilight dwellers of swill
Taking hold... stronger still

Poem by
Jason DeWitt
Seward, PA

THE TWISTING PATTERN OF LIFE.

I, the peg in place
moved by another's hand
to an address here, in space
with a thoughtful, given name
and a cheap, elastic face
that I slip into at dawn
as I greet this broken world
shall we spin some more today?
laughter, falling downward
how the dizzies feel so good.

"The Peg in Place"
by
Timothy Paige
Belle Mead, NJ



DESIGN BY STIRRED EMOTIONS™

A NEW DIMENSION

A new dimension
Turning around and sideways
A new dimension
Wasting away as always
Finding a new vision
A different way to see tomorrow
Finding a new invention
To piece away our yesterdays
Discovery of the origin
Your soul searching to find
Seeing tomorrow
Deep within you'll find it

Poem by Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

I AM IN THE CENTER OF THE GALAXY

I am in the center of the galaxy,
Far... Far... Away.
The moon is shining,
And the cold, dark wind whispers.
With clocks melting on trees,
It seems I am melting, too.
Being sucked away to nowhere,
By an unseen wind.
Water drooping,
I rustle along with the trees.
Talking to the stars,
Talking to myself,
I am drifting off into outer space.
Drifting off to nowhere,
The stars shining as bright as the sun,
With the clouds falling,
And slowly turning green.
It seems I am passing out of existence,
Snow falls around me,
Covering me up.
A drift of fire,
Melts the snow around me,
As the clouds surround me.
Then they disappear.
Everything is quiet,
As the planets spin.
I spin with them.
It seems I have been in an unknown planet,
With nobosy there but me.
I fly into the clouds,
And talk awhile with them.
And then I am sucked into fire,
And this trip,
Would never end,
Until time is over...

Poem by Zev Rueter
Roosevelt, NJ

The Dousing

Darkness is the shadow of light... Altered eyes reflect holy fright
Perdition's warmth, I hid in her arms... Feeding off her wealth and her charm
Did you intend this? It was a death wish... My altered eyes, I wish they could cry
I'm through with dousing your light
Hot guts are churning inside... Hot hatred burns in my mind
Crooked now was once a straight line
Hot guts... Hot hate... Hot wine...
I'm through with dousing your lies
I'm through with dousing your life
Scarlet flow, the pain flows... Never trust the flame, NO!
Breathe in the black smoke... Travel where the cinders blow
Low... You burn low...
Fade out the false glow
Brought holocaust and won't atone
The new hell blackens your bones...

Lyrics by Ben Sargatan of VERDILAK, Oakhurst, NJ

BONGZILLA

STIRRED EMOTIONS 1997

The heaviest hippycrushin' haterock that the midwest has to offer!

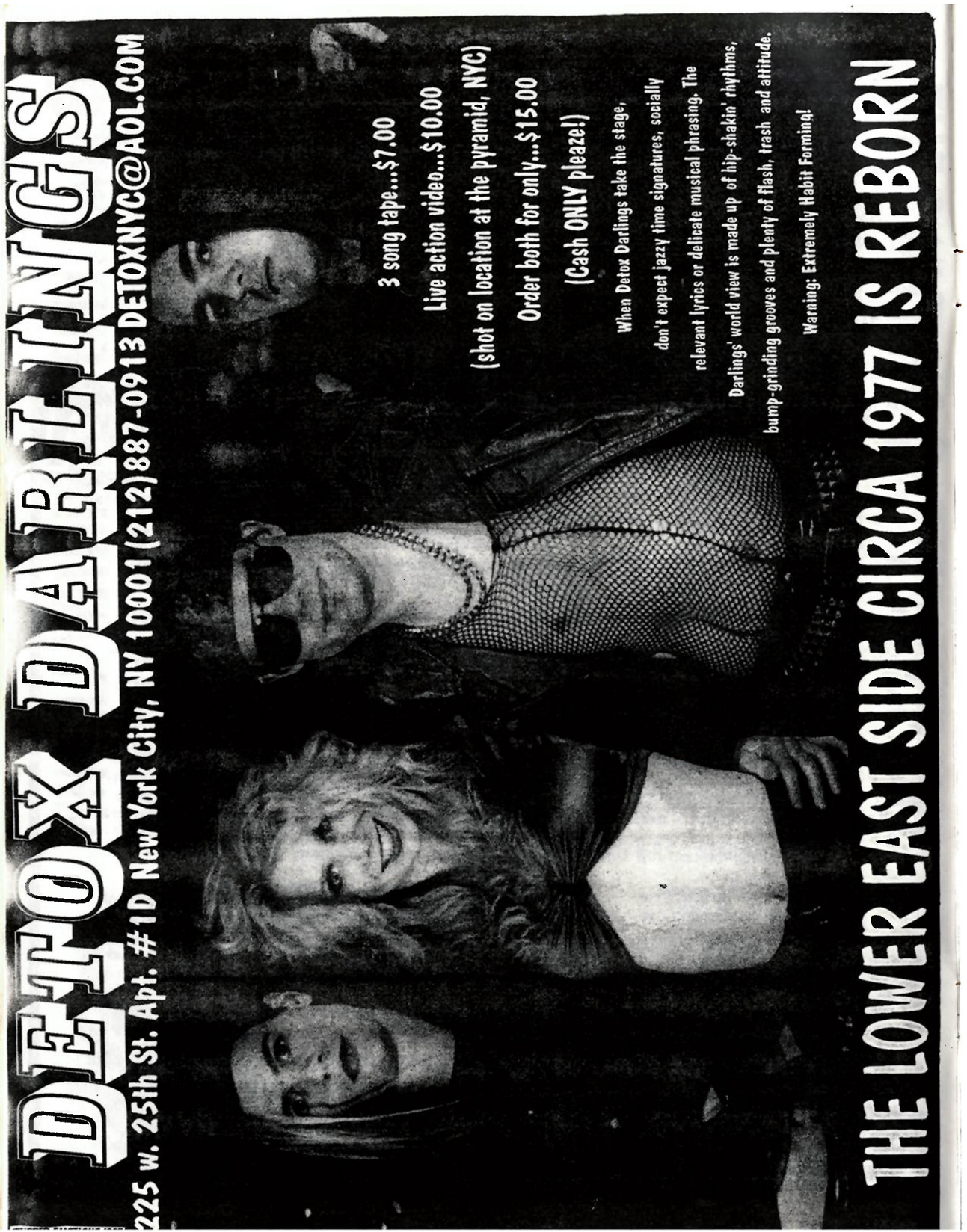
Rising up out of a withered Wisconsin noise rock scene, BONGZILLA quickly set out to prove that not ALL bands from this region have forgotten how to be
LOUD, UGLY & LOW-BROW!

Starting as a 3piece in LaCrosse, WI, BONGZILLA quickly wised up, packed their bags and headed southeast to the variable rock mecca that is Madison, where they promptly set about bludgeoning startled audiences into submission. Their 1st order of business was to drag a 2nd guitarist out of a local gutter to beef up their already seriously fuckin' heavy Melvins-meets-early-Monster Magnets sound. Next was to strong-arm the wusses at Rhetoric Records into releasing the "MIXED BAG" 7", as well as upcoming split singles w/ Cavity and Exit 13.

Finally, BONGZILLA decided Madison isn't big enough to contain them, so they are hitting the road. 1st stop, Nashville, to record w/ evil sound genius, Steve Austin of Today... who personally prefers BONGZILLA weed to all other so-called Marijuanas. Then a short tour of the East, to include a providence rock-fest and stops in Philly, NYC, Baltimore, Richmond and others.

DON'T SAY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WARNED!!
TURN ON, HIT THE BONG!

BONGZILLA
P.O. Box 1244
Madison, WI 53701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225 w. 25th St. Apt. #1D New York City, NY 10001 (212)887-0913 DETOXNYC@AOL.COM
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Order both for only...$15.00
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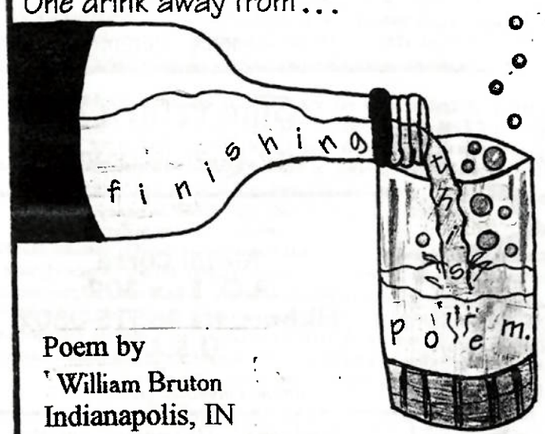
When Detox Darlings take the stage, don't expect jazzy time signatures, socially relevant lyrics or delicate musical phrasing. The Darlings' world view is made up of hip-shakin' rhythms, bump-grinding grooves and plenty of flash, trash and attitude.
Warning: Extremely Habit Forming!
THE LOWER EAST SIDE CIRCA 1977 IS REBORN

One drink away

One drink away from happiness
One drink away from suicide
One drink away from euphoria
One drink away from my next drink
One drink away from soberness
One drink away from drunkenness
One drink away from love
One drink away from pain
One drink away from success
One drink away from failure
One drink away from the next bar
One drink away from getting a job
One drink away from losing a job
One drink away from prison
One drink away from exile
One drink away from my friends
One drink away from my woman
One drink away from my first great poem
One drink away from the typer
One drink away from the guitar
One drink away from the phone
One drink away from a tear
One drink away from a smile
One drink away from...



Poem by
William Bruton
Indianapolis, IN

Design by Pleazant © 1997

STIRRED EMOTIONS 1997

SINGLES SCENE

Knotty pine and neon signs
Pretty eyes, smiles and a beer
Idle conversation, smooth ice-breaking
Warming up to new found friends.
Wandering eyes and lonely sighs
Longing for a change
Another downed, another round
Another lonely night when I get home.
The singles scene, nicotine
Alcohol and pride
Putting on a happy face
Hiding what I feel inside
Watching as my money goes
Over-charged and under-sexed
I try to drown the nagging voice
That tries to ask me 'what comes next?'
I don't have the answers
But I have my friends
The barmaid and my beer
I'll be happy for a little while
Just as long as I stay here.
Another downed, another round
Another buck gratuity
Kissing the lips of an envy-green bottle
Jealous of the life I don't lead.

Poem by Timothy Paige ©
Belle Mead, NJ

The 1/2 Creeper
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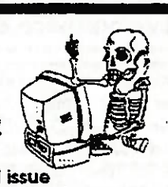
Shamokin,Pa. 17872



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CEMETERY

I used to live in a cemetery
where the flowers bloomed over the graves
hiding the stones and liberal decay
from each and every one of us.
No one sees and no one hears.
The pleas fall on deaf ears.
The little deaf mute island,
who cares not who it hurts.
Conformity in the masses was the rule.
Hiding your secrets and your lies
in that little black Pandora's Box
you guard with your life.
Safety in the familiar and uniformity
brings the smoldering lack on everything,
for which it has become so famous to me.
A little piece of history standing short and plump
in a puddle of slowly evolving,
frighteningly terrified people
who shun all that is different.
When I hear you talk, it disgusts me.
Send you sonic verbal assault
ricocheting into the dark,
devoid of the truth, half believe your lies,
you know you're wrong.
The disgustingly beautiful cemetary
that wants to bury me alive.
The perfectly imperfect paradizes
nothing but itself.
No one tries to break away
from the straight line
of falsely molded pseudo chauvinists
who seem to flow as thick as molasses.
To pierce your veil which hides
your lovely garden of death and bones
would be murder, wouldn't it???
I'm sorry...
I HAD TO DO IT!!!

Poem by Chrissy Fraser CANADA

DEAD

Young man, far from home... Lamb has lost his way.
Empty is my soul, the Darkness never ends.
Look into my eyes, step inside my head...
see what I've become. I'm just a victim of myself.
I'd rather be dead than live this way.
The cycle never ends. I'd rather be dead
than lay on down. I'd rather be...
I'd rather save myself than remain what I am...
a puppet on a breaking string, held by my unsteady hand.
I...WON'T...GO DOWN...LIKE THIS!
I'm so sick and tired of being sick and tired.
Endless nights and sleepless days.
Break the chain... or die trying!

Lyrics by TRUTHCIRCLE Rutherford, NJ

THEIR DESECRATION

In light I see only Darkness.
Foe I long for the smoldering black void
that is the true freedom of the soul.
And when the elements have been desecrated,
the wind cries with the sorrow of forgotten ones,
the rivers flood with the crimson essence of Life,
the Earth...tainted with Hate's rot and decay,
the fire roars with the anguish of a thousand souls,
and the Spirit demands final release...
then shall the demise of Truth be known...
and Hope shall be abandoned.
Life is the harbinger of Death.
Thus, Life condemns itself to Doom.
For, there is no God, but Evil,
No Light, but Darkness,
No Hope, but Doom...

Poem by Jason Bozeman
Richmond, VA

GONE FOREVER MORE

A heart is filled with sadness...
Within the eyes, so many tears...
A life of no set direction...
A soul left behind
to burn away in fear.
There's something lost
deep out in the night
as a shadowed soul gets turned away.
Imprisoned part of the empty streets
as Time tortures us with another day.
Tomorrow, a woman will stand
with a face of beaten blood...
and an infant child will lie
dying on the floor...
by an angry old man of drunken stature...
it's another soul
GONE FOREVER MORE.
With pain and War
throughout the world,
there's no glory to ever behold.
Millions will cry in molten pain
as the greedy continue to win the Reign.
Our fantasies once held Hope,
but now our reality is hopeless...
into our wounds the salt has been poured,
and we are left to suffer in silence...
Until our very own souls are taken...
GONE FOREVER MORE!!!

Poem by Pleazant©

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THE PROPHET IS A SINNER

There was this one point in my life, where I was totally possessed by Evil. I was a Satanist! And during this time, I collected communion wafers, consecrated them with my blood, and ate them in the name of Satan. That all happened over 7 years ago. I look back now, and I understand what I was doing. I was fighting with what I thought was God. Going to Catholic school teaches you to hate God. I was so angry with my position in life, I thought I deserved more. I really believed I could hurt God with my actions.

But, I must confess, that doing Evil gives one power. It's a power you can feel. It swells on you like water. The power is addictive, but you've got plenty of support from all the other Evil people, so you thrive. I remeber feeling the Darkness from deep within. It was always there, but I had never been able to tap into it until I offered my soul to Satan.

Luckily, our romance didn't last. Past incarnations had blessed me with a present sacred heart. I am the Lamb! Not the Demon! Though, I don't conceal the fact that I am in love with the dark canyons of humankind. The Darkness is strong with lust and with the need to fulfill spiritual needs with physical desire. I never feel so much Dark pleasure, except when I am mounting my lover. "The Dark is just as beautiful as the Light, and the Dark is so warm and wet inside."

Prophecy by Greg of COMPRESSION
Towson, MD

MY TRUTHE

Oh weep, ye scarlet moon for I am free from life's incarceration. The incandescant eye of knowledge is crushed by the weight of your oppressive lies. And the day shall come that truth is forgotten. The ebony void calls, so weep, ye dying sun.

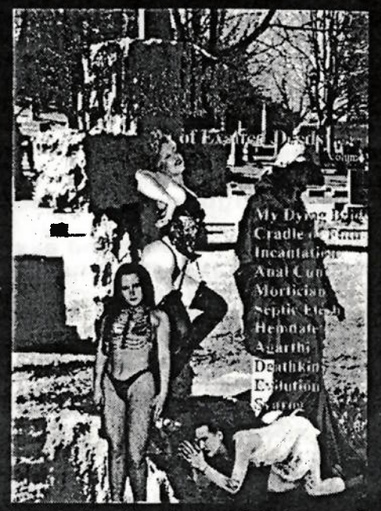
A christian sheep so timid in its might, you follow your sheperd blindly. Ye, who preach "Love thine enemy" yet label those who oppose, unholy, sinner and heretic. Your spite is a poisoned dagger which can never pierce the heart of any, but your own. HYPOCRITE! LIAR! FOOL!

And thou shalt see in the end and beginning that your judgement shall never come. Your sacred book is naught but the ravings of a holy madmen. Purity cannot exist until you know your own soul. But, you have no wish for understanding so you continue in your endless search for a peace which cannot be attained. So weep, ye dying sun.

TO BELIEVE IS TO BE DECIEVED.

Poem by Jason Bozeman
Richmond, VA

The Grimoire of Exalted Deeds #8



Grimore666@aol.com

Inside this issue, the misunderstood Seth Putnam from **Anal Cunt** gives a very emotional discussion, revealing the truth of what really happened when he called **Chris Barnes** "gay." Calvin from **My Dying Bride** is subject to a barrage of personal questions. Dani from **Cradle of Filth** parries a relentless assault that is sure to leave you doubled over as if pole-axed. John from **Incantation** gives a brutal account of what really happened with **Kataklysm**. He also speaks openly about the split with **Relapse**. Will from **Mortician** addresses his reputation as the most feared entity ever to cast a shadow. **Septic Flesh** rebukes Bill Zebub for all the Greek jokes made in past issues. The **Deathkids** give some really entertaining accounts of their misadventures. Other interviews featured are: **Hemdale, Agarthi, Evilution, Svarog**, and Pat from **Red Stream.**

Appraise the abundant photographs of the sexiest women in the scene, as well as the "Grimoire Girl #8." We still feature a page of "Free Classifieds" in order to help connect you with people all over the world.

If paying by check, make it out to "The Grimoire of Exalted Deeds." Send $3 (overseas orders do NOT pay extra money) to: Grimoire 245 Lakeview Ave, Suite 237, Clifton NJ 07011

FROZEN IN NOTHINGNESS

Attempt to dismantle the neurogeneratot
Flooding myself with abstract sub-pain
The ultragenerator, the matrix, the wires,
the elements and the sum of their counterparts
Deeper I sink into nothingness
Lesser mirrors reflect fading portraits
Pain, then pain, then crowned
I do not feel it
Throns scorn
The hypocrisy of religion
that has fallen through the cracks
The burning, the scars, the betrayal,
the crucifixation,
The purest dagger thrust in the heart of man
We fall into dust.

Poem by Joe Headcrash
Milwaukee, WI

STOP THE PAIN!!!

LITTLE GIRL

Poem by KAT Baltimore, MD

Cry, cry little girl
No one cares out you
We'll never miss you
We've already forgotten your name

You're erased from present and past
You won't make it to the future
We all hate you
Just sit still

"But what about me!???",
The little girl cries
"Why am I so hated!???",
She asks

Because you're dumb, little girl
You're so worthless
Little girl, cry away
Cry all day

Remember this
You little bitch
You can cry and cry
But we'll always want you to die

DADDY DEAREST

HIT ME AGAIN! You give me reason to hate.
HIT ME AGAIN! You know I like it.
HIT ME! HATE ME! You know you can't make me.
ABUSE ME! REUSE ME! You know you can't confuse me.
This pain, you see, it isn't real. This pain I simply cannot feel.
SO HIT ME AGAIN! You know you will.
HIT ME AGAIN! It gives you a thrill.
HIT ME! HATE ME! You know you can't make me.
ABUSE ME! REUSE ME! You know you can't refuse me.
HIT ME HARDER! You know it's fun.
HIT ME HARDER! You know I won't run.
I REALLY WANT IT! I REALLY NEED IT!
I REALLY DO!!!
I REALLY LIKE IT! I REALLY LOVE IT!
And you do too.
I've been around, I've seen the pawns you've gagged and bound.
They'll come back to knock you down.
AND I'LL BE FREE!
You've taken everything from me.
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE!
NO!!!
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE!!!...

Poem by Chrissy Fraser CANADA

12 ALTERNATIVES TO LASHING OUT AT YOUR CHILD.

THE NEXT TIME EVERYDAY PRESSURES BUILD UP TO THE POINT WHERE YOU FEEL LIKE LASHING OUT

STOP!!!

AND TRY ONE OF THESE SIMPLE ALTERNATIVES:

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER...AND SO WILL YOUR CHILD.

1...TAKE A DEEP BREATH. AND ANOTHER. THEN REMEMBER YOU ARE THE ADULT!
2...CLOSE YOUR EYES AND IMAGINE YOU ARE HEARING WHAT YOUR CHILD IS ABOUT TO HEAR.
3...PRESS YOUR LIPS TOGETHER AND COUNT TO 10. OR BETTER YET, TO 20.
4...PUT YOUR CHILD IN A TIME-OUT CHAIR. (REMEMBER THE RULE, 1 MINUTE FOR EACH YEAR OF AGE.)
5...PUT YOURSELF IN A TIME-OUT CHAIR. THINK ABOUT WHY YOU ARE ANGRY... IS IT YOUR CHILD? OR IS YOUR CHILD SIMPLY A CONVENIENT TARGET FOR YOUR ANGER?
6...PHONE A FRIEND.
7...IF SOMEONE CAN WATCH THE CHILDREN, GO OUTSIDE AND TAKE A WALK.
8...TAKE A HOT BATH OR SPLASH COLD WATER ON YOUR FACE.
9...HUG A PILLOW.
10...TURN ON SOME MUSIC. MAYBE EVEN SING ALONG.
11...PICK UP A PENCIL AND WRITE DOWN AS MANY HELPFUL WORDS AS YOU CAN THINK OF. SAVE THE LIST.
12...WRITE FOR PREVENTION INFORMATION AT:

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR PREVENTION OF CHILD ABUSE
BOX 2866L
CHICAGO, IL 60690

STOP USING WORDS THAT HURT!
START USING WORDS THAT HELP!

NEVER HAD

Growing up without you there
Learning things on my own
Left behind were the pictures
Of our once happy home
From time to time
Just thinking back
To where you went wrong
And how far you really are
From where you once belonged
I was taught from the beginning
Changed around in my head
Taken for granted
The words never said...
NEVER HAD A DAD!
NEVER HAD A DAD!!!
One that really cared...
I was born by two
And raised by one
With the notion inside my head
Of the things you said and done
From time to time
Just thinking back
To where you went wrong
And how far you really are
From where you once belonged
I don't need nobody!
I don't need no one!
You might be my Daddy...
BUT I'M NOT YOUR SON!!!

Lyrics by John Werner, MOOD 13
Cliffside Park, NJ

R.I.P.

Child molester, child molester
Here faggot queer.
How are you doing?
What are you getting?
Now that you have my innocence...
Who else's will you steal?
Tell me, is it fun?
Is it still thrilling?
Was it as good for you,
as much as it hurt me?
Oh well, as long as you're happy,
then that's all right.
FUCK THAT!!!
You may think you're the shit.
Truth is, soon you'll be buried in it!
You can run,
hide,
beg for mercy all you want.
But remember,
how you got off on my struggles...
because that's how I'm going to feel
when you want it to end!
So, child molester, child molester.
Here faggot queer.
I'm here to tell you,
Your life ends here!!!

Poem by Silvr Rayn
Huntington Beach, CA

BITTER SWEET

All alone in this bitter sweet room of Darkness.
Once upon a time, I held an oyster shell in my hand,
but by the time the tide washed over me,
the shell had turned to sand.
Once, a hundred stars shined away the pain of disgrace,
then the water snuffed them out one by one
and I'm left in a veil of black lace.
I utter a sound from a pigs mouth,
a sound of painless fury.
A needle bed of nails upon my broken skin,
I shout up to the Heavens...
No sound comes from my mouth...
The sound comes from within...

Poem by Jackie Cline
Oklahoma City, OK

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Who's that in the mirror?
Eyes are swollen, red and puffy.
Crying for days. Crying for years.
Crying a life away and denying it.
You can't lie to me.
You are me and I am you.
No one sees what lurks inside.
A tortured soul, a tattered heart.
Who did this to you?
Who hurt you!?
It doesn't matter anymore.
It will wash away with the tears.
Nobody cares. Nobody spoke up.
No one helped.
When this scream was whispered,
it was heard world wide.
And everyone
kept their heads down in fear...
Someone had the knowledge they did.
'To whom it may concern'...
And that's probably no one!

Poem by Beth Sennesh
McLean, VA

FEAR

He pulled the knife just past my throat
All I had on was my torn coat
My fear had me trapped
I was searching for a way out
But all I can remember is my silent shouts
He shoved me down on the cold wet ground
I pictured myself how I would be found
I can remember closing my eyes and there He was
It had to be an angel from above
I knew He was there to shelter me
But as I reached out to Him, He turned to sand
And disappeared from my dream land
I opened my eyes and could taste my tears
I tried to hide my unwanted fears
I knew it was so real
For I started to weaken from the pain I could feel
I wondered how long it would last
I wish he would have ended my life
Now, I am haunted by an unwanted past
As I take a knife to my chest
I realize I have failed Life's test
Now I know my fears will be gone at last

Poem by Tammy Kay Litchford
Trevor, WI

PLEASE HEAR

I hold this knife in my hand
Just wondering' if I should do it
My mind sez, "YES!"
But my heart cries, "NO!"
I keep thinkin' if I do this right
Then there won't be much pain
I hope there won't be much pain
I don't want to leave this world
But some things have to done
I tried to tell you, Mother
Through my actions, NOT my words
You don't seem to understand me
I reaklly wish you would
Because I don't want to die
All I ever wanted was for you to
Please hear what I'm not saying
Don't walk away from me
Won't you please hear
what I'm not saying?
Don't leave me now...
Oh, I can't see a thing
My life is over...
All of this could have been prevented
Only if you would have listened
I counted on you
Hoping you would see my clues
But you didn't hear me
You walked away from me...
I wish you would have heard
what wasn't being said
But you left me all alone
ALL ALONE!...
Now, I'm lying in this box
My hands are folded across my chest
The slashes are hidden
My eyes are closed forever
You place a hand on mine...
I did not feel it
You whisper, "I Love You!"...
I do not hear it

Poem by Pleazant ©

CHILD ABUSE... DON'T LET IT HAPPEN! HELP THE HELPLESS!

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

THE STARVING ARTIST INTERVIEW PAGE

By Scott Hildner

First off, I want to thank Pleazant for giving me the opputunity to write this column for STIRRED EMOTIONS. I've always considered myself an artist, and **OnLy ThE sTrOnG sUrViVe** is for and about artists of all kinds. So, if creative thinking is your forte, if you wake up with songs in your head, if you carry a book of poems everywhere you go, if making something from nothing is what you live for, and most importantly, if you've grasped the fact that success and money are NOT one in the same... then send me something about yourself and what you do...

THIS COLUMN IS YOURS.

The first installment of **OTSS** features an interview with a band from Northern New Jersey called, **MOOD 13.** They recently finished their debut self-entitled, (5) song demo and have been steadily playing shows all over NJ/NY/PA. I met up with them on a Friday night after rehearsal and talked a little about what makes a struggling rock band tick...

Me: So, how did Mood 13 begin?
Ken: It started when I was going out with a girl named Danielle. I met John through her. He was drumming at that time, but he came up with lyrics for a song I had written called "Where are you now". We recorded 4 songs to 8 tracks at Harvest studios in SoHo NYC, but after that was finished we fell apart for 2 years. When we got back to playing together again the band was called "Crimson". We played one acoustic (no drummer) show with that name at Lovesexy in Hoboken, NJ.

Where did the name Mood 13 come from, And what meaning does in hold ?
Ken: Originally a lot of the music was acoustic, and each song had a different mood or emotion to it, so we wanted to convey that. John picked thirteen because it is a lonely number, the odd number that nobody likes. I picked thirteen for the pagan influence.
So Mood 13 seemed to work for both of us. It gets across the image of the band I perceive in my mind.
Remmy: It's lonely music for lonely people.
Ken: Now that the music is starting to change and progress, it still fits, it covers a variety of styles.
John: (Joking) We're on the sixth mood, soon to reach thirteen.

Speaking of change, in the beginning it was only the two of you writing the songs. How do you go about writing, now that it's a full band situation?
Ken: Now that it's a band, usually someone has an idea that they come forth with, and then everybody else kind of fills in what they feel more or less, until we develop a structure to stick with.

Who writes the lyrics?
John: I do.
Do you write poems and then fit them to the songs?
John: Yea, or I just mumble shit at practice while they are playing, you know, whatever sounds good. I used to try sitting at home with a tape, fast forwarding and rewinding till I got something. Now I just let them play, and I'll sing something, and if it sounds good, I'll jot it down quick.

I see you carrying this book around everywhere, what's in there?
Remmy: (joking) It's the Bible.
John: No, really it's just lyrics, stuff I'm working on, finished songs, thoughts, whatever.

Where do you get your ideas from?
John: From all the emotions and things I've experienced in the past.

Do you write about the past more than the future?
John: Yea, mostly about the past, about working out emotions, and releasing them.

Speaking of emotional songs, is "Never had (a Dad)" autobiographical?
John: That's about home life, it's from real experience. Yes, it's real.

Do you think about the whole divorce thing while you're singing that song?
John: I should, but no, I haven't, not lately. The only time I ever really thought about it , was the first time we recorded it.

What about playing shows. Do you ever re-live the experiences you've written about while on stage? What's the mind frame of the band live?
Ken: It varies for me. It depends on the mood I'm in at the time. I have the habit of carrying everything on stage with me emotionally.
John: I've found that at shows in the past, if I'm pissed , I play better. When I'm happy, then I suck. When I'm mad, or upset, or something happens like when the engineer at the studio we recorded the tape at, pissed me off , we played in Hoboken that night and I sang great. That was like the best show for me, and everyone was asking me what was wrong, cause I was walking around not talking to anyone, but turned out to be the best night!

So, what's the story with this guy. What did he do to get you so mad?
John: That night I went to the studio by myself, the guy who owns the place tried to get me to sign stuff that said he would get 3% royalties from the demo. He gave me some vocal ideas in the session, but I didn't even use them, I used my own. I had a three hour fight with the guy. Even if I did use his ideas, he didn't even say anything about wanting credit until the shit was already mixed and done, and then he's like " Oh, you have to sign a contract with me!" I was like, "No, take a break, take a hike, you're not getting anything, I'm not signing any piece of paper, and if you stick that in Kenny's face he's gonna tell you to shove it up your ass!"

Did he want a production royalty or points or something? Realistically, we are talking about a demo here. You might never make a cent from it. He had already charged you studio time and engineers fees. What did he think he was going to get?
John: I think he wanted anything he could get from us. Sometimes it scares me, I mean, if people out there want to take advantage of bands on the level we're on, which is just playing clubs and doing demo tapes. I can imagine what must be going on in the industry with big companies and million dollar record contracts!

While we're on the demo. What was the motivation for doing it?
Remmy: To get it out there, to get it produced, to get a whole mess of tapes nicely done, and not even try to sell them. My personal opinion is to just give em away.
John: That's the whole idea! To do a show and when you're done, give someone the tape so when they go home they don't just forget about you! If you don't have anything, people are like, "Yea, that was a great band !" and a week later it's like, "Who was that band, were

they good?". At least if they've got a tape, there is a chance that the music will stick in their minds, and they'll want to come back and see you again.
Ken: The tape is also a vehicle to get into other clubs. Places in New York want to know what you sound like before they book you.
Remmy: New Jersey is filled with nothing but cover bands now, so NY is where we want to play for the most part. It's ridiculous, no club in Jersey wants to give an original band a fucking chance anymore!

But you've done covers in your set in the past. Why do them?
Remmy: We are definately an original band, but doing a cover or two in the set can help an audience that has never heard you before, identify with you faster.

You do "Creep" by Radiohead awesome! Why that song?
John: I'd like to do all kinds of covers. I'd like to do cheesy 80's covers, I want to do stupid shit. I don't care! I'd want to do stuff like The Cars, Billy Idol, Duran Duran , anything! The trick is to do it in our own style! We liked playing Creep because we played it like a song we wrote.
Ken: We seemed to get the dynamics down real well on that song.

What kind of stuff do you listen to when you're not playing?
Remmy: Tool!

You're into Tool, and you're wearing a Biohazard shirt, and you play in a band that's kinda old school progressive like Yes or Led Zep. What's that about?
Remmy: I'm very much into whatever is sounding good and tight. I think Biohazard is really fuckin' tight! And then I'm like a total Zeppelin freak too! John Bonham was all I listened to when I first started playing drums. That was it! Then I got into Lars Ulrich. I just love whatever is good. Right now I think Tool is top of the line shit. Them and the drummer for Dream Theater.
Ken: Mike is into a lot of Jazz and Blues. He collects tons of it, and he's super knowledgeable on it. Mike is interesting as a guitar player because his technique is amazing, he's very schooled, but he makes what he plays tasty, instead of boring and text book.

My last question is, What does the future hold for Mood 13?
John: I'd like to get some more money up to make another tape, keep recording.
Ken: Or a full length CD!
Remmy: We have a lot of new songs.
John: Just keep doing it. Me, I'm not doing this just to become successful, I'm doing this because I like music. I like practicing, and playing shows, whether it's every night or just once a month, I don't care. I'm having a good time! I really enjoy this. As long as I'm alive and breathing on this fuckin' planet, I'm gonna be playing music!

MOOD 13's demo will be available directly from the band June 97. Contact them at:

MOOD 13
422 Palisade Ave.
Cliffside Park, NJ 07010
(210) 941-0365

Send me your stuff for OTSS columns:

OnLy ThE sTrOnG SuRvIvE
ATTN: Scott Hildner
261 Morningside Ave.
Cliffside Park, NJ 07010

*Scott Hildner is the bass player for the NJ based band TRUTHCIRCLE.

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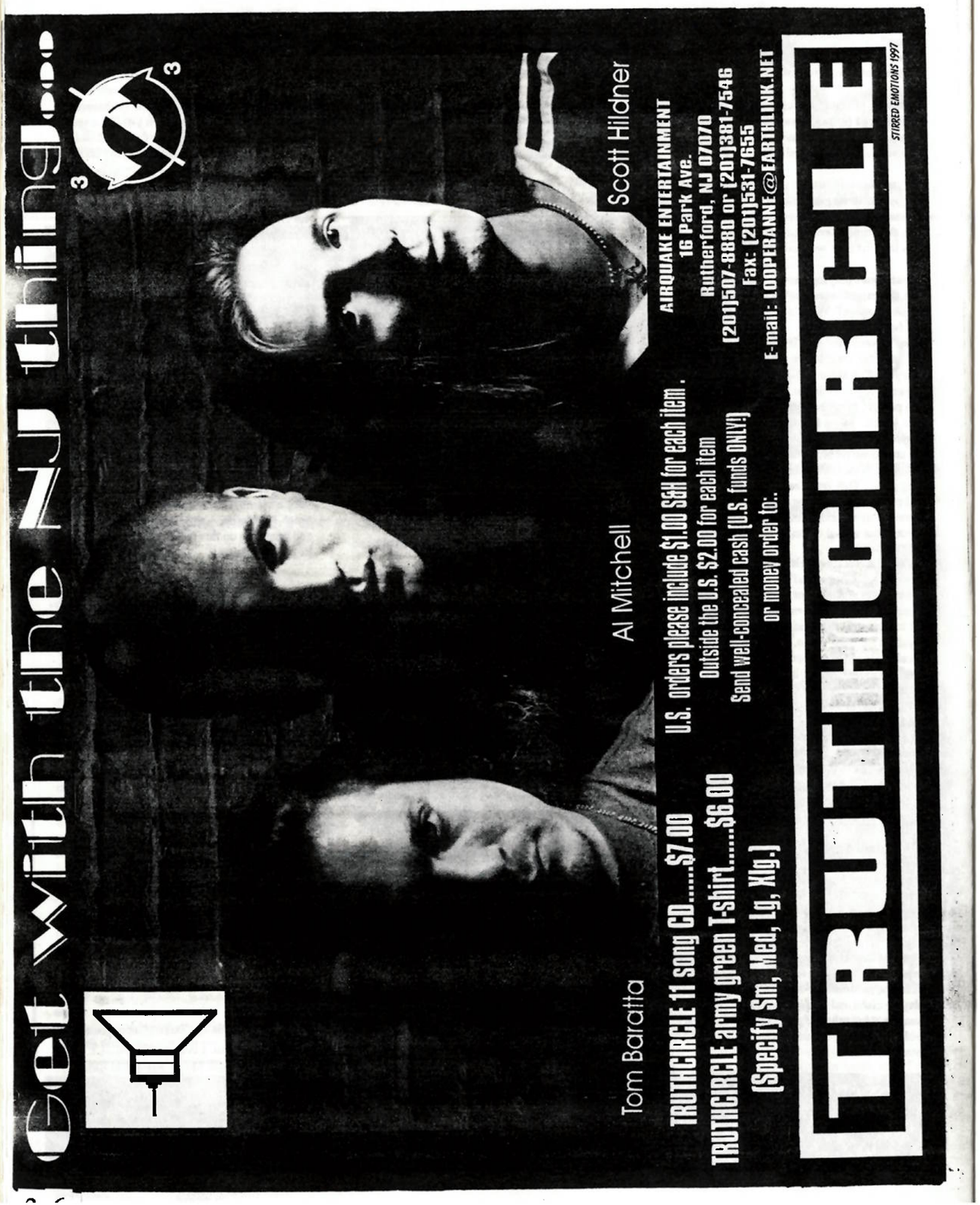

TEACH MY GIRL POLITICS

One day I tried to teach my girl the world of politics.
But "NO!", she said. "Don't delay. Give my sex more deep, long licks."
When that was done, I said to her,
"You've got to be more serious!"
She said, "I will, I will, my dear, only right now, I'm still delirious."
Weeks later, I said, "It's not so trivial, this world outside ourselves."
She said, "Okay. After we lay down here. I want to create myself."
When that was done, I said again,
"You've got to be more serious."
She said, "I'll see how serious you'll be
as our infant daughter giggles mysterious."
Nine months later, a woman's backlash and birth happened all at once.
My girl lost her job and I took one more
to recover from the one-two punch.
"If you'd only listened to me, this wouldn't have happened."
I quietly stated my case.
"Yes. I see, my dear," she said. "It was all right in front of my face."

Poem by Mr. Carey Fontaine
Cincinnati, OH

"For some reason or other man looks for the miracle, and to accomplish it he will wade through blood. He will debauch himself with ideas, he will reduce himself to a shadow if for only one second of his life he can close his eyes to the hideousness of reality. Everything is endured... Disgrace, Humiliation, Poverty, War, Crime... in the belief that overnight something will occur... A MIRACLE... which will render life tolerable."
-- Henry Miller (1891-1980)

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Bench Drama

The all too common empty hall
Corridor of echo
Polished floor and bleak, brick wall
Busy college center

How many dramas pass this bench?
Solid and inviting
Who bids the actors take the stage
Of blackened grains, scratches and stains
With script of poets, lovers, rebels.

Who fill this seat in perfect fashion
With eloquent technique
Whose brief time spent is soon forgotten
By all here.

Spare the hall, here
And the bench whose children soon return
To visit once again.

Poem by
Timothy Paige ©
Belle Mead, NJ

DESIGN BY STIRRED EMOTIONS™

THE LAUGH PAGE

"Laughter is the music of the soul!"

The top 10 things men shouldn't say out loud in 'Victoria's Secret'!!!

10) Does this come in children's sizes?
9) No thanks. Just sniffing.
8) I'll be in the dressing room going blind.
7) Mom will love this.
6) Oh, the size won't matter. She's inflatable.
5) No need to wrap it up. I'll eat it here.
4) Will you model this for me???
3) The Miracle what??? This is better than world peace!
2) 45 bucks??? You're just gonna end up NAKED anyway!!!

AND THE #1 THING A MAN SHOULD NEVER SAY OUT LOUD IN VICTORIA's is:

1) Oh, honey, you'll NEVER squeeze your fat ass into that!

THE 5 REASONS COMPUTERS MUST BE FEMALE!

5) No one, but their creator, understands their internal logic.
4) Even your smallest mistakes are immediately committed to memory for future reference.
3) The native language used to communicate with other computers is incomprehensible to everyone else.
2) The message, "Bad command or filename," is about as informative as, "If you don't know why I'm mad at you, then I'm certainly not going to tell you!"
1) As soon as you make a commitment to one, you find yourself spending half your paycheck on accessories for it.

The top 10 reasons why sleep is better than sex

1) You don't feel guilty about doing it alone.
2) No one will start rumors about how much you sleep.
3) You won't complain in the morning about not getting any.
4) You don't have to pay for sleep.
5) You don't need to sleep after sleep.
6) Sleep can last a good 10 hours.
7) You can sleep in church.
8) While sleeping you can have sex with anyone you want.
9) Your teddy bear never complains.
10) It's legal to sleep in any position in all 50 states.

Lists comprised by CHAOS THEORY

Have a piece of humor you'd like to share?

Send your Poems, Stories, Cartoons, etc... To:

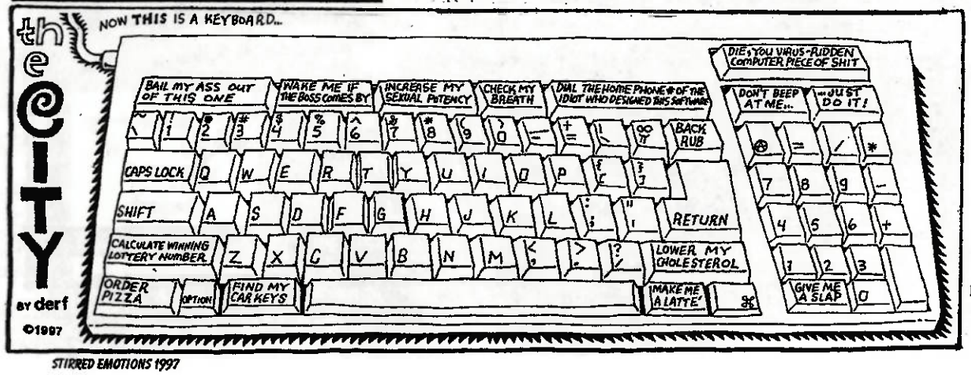
STIRRED EMOTIONS
P.O. Box 1484
Hightstown, NJ 08520

Do You Know Jack Schitt???

JACK SCHITT is the son of AWE SCHITT. AWE SCHITT, the fertilizer magnate, married OH SCHITT, the owner of the KNEE-DEEP SCHITT Inn. JACK SCHITT married NOE SCHITT and they produced six children. HOLY SCHITT, their first, passed away shortly after birth. Next came their twin sons, DEEP SCHITT and DIP SCHITT; two daughters, FULLA SCHITT and GIVA SCHITT; and another son, BULL SCHITT.

DEEP SCHITT married DUMB SCHITT, a high school dropout. DIP SCHITT married LOTTA SCHITT and they have a son named CHICKEN SCHITT. FULLA SCHITT and GIVA SCHITT married the HAPPENS brothers. The SCHITT-HAPPENS children are DAWG SCHITT, BRYD SCHITT and HORACE SCHITT. BULL SCHITT just married a spicy little number named PISA SCHITT and they are all awaiting the arrival of BABY SCHITT.

Now you, too, can proudly proclaim that you know JACK SCHITT!



MY VERY FIRST TIME

The sky was dark
The moon was high
All alone
Just she and I

Her hair was soft
Her eyes were blue
I knew just what
She wanted to do

Her skin was soft
Her legs so fine
I ran my fingers
down her spine

I didn't know how
But I tried my best
I started by placing
My hand on her breast

I remember my fear
My fast beating heart
Slowly she spread
Her legs apart

And when I did it
I felt no shame
All at once
The white stuff came

At last, it's finished
It's all over now
MY FIRST TIME EVER
At milking a cow!

Poem by Anne Nonymous

KARATE CHOP

DESIGN BY STIRRED EMOTIONS™

Hi! My name is Steven, and I've got something to say
I'm the world's greatest black belt, and I'll kick your ass anyway
Here I come with my Kung-Fu grip, it's tenacity exceeds them all
Better watch out for my lightening moves, because it's you who will surely fall

Hiya Karate Chop

Did I tell you my name was steven, I'm the guy with something to say
I drive around in the cool red Firebird, drivin' really fast everyday
I'm drivin' around tryin' to pick up girls, yet none want to ride with me
That's alright, yeah that's okay, because Mary Palm she's with me

Hiya Karate Chop

That's right, my name is Steven, I've still got something to say
I'm a better singer than Dan Aiobelli, and I'll prove it to you in this way
I'll sing that Steelheart song, you know the one, "I'll Never Let You Go"
Compared to me, those guys in CHAOS THEORY, you know they really blow

Hiya Karate Chop

Later my name is Steven, I've nothing left to say
People say I've got no talent but I bet I blew you away
Everything I say is right, you'll never prove me wrong
All I want is my name up in lights and that's why I wrote this song

Hiya Karate Chop

This was a song about Steven, in reality he'd nothing to say
He's a two-faced, backstabbing hypocrite who sits around and jerks off all day
You can see him on the corner with the "L" shining bright on his head
If this song taught you nothing, then there's something left unsaid
I have tried to teach you a lesson of just how the tide can turn
I can't tell you to mind your business, No, the unethical people will learn
Don't try to be like Steven, cause he's not what you want to be
Just look to your role models or your friends and pray you turn out like me

Hiya Karate Chop

LYRICS BY BRIAN SCHLEPER OF CHAOS THEORY, BORDENTOWN, NJ

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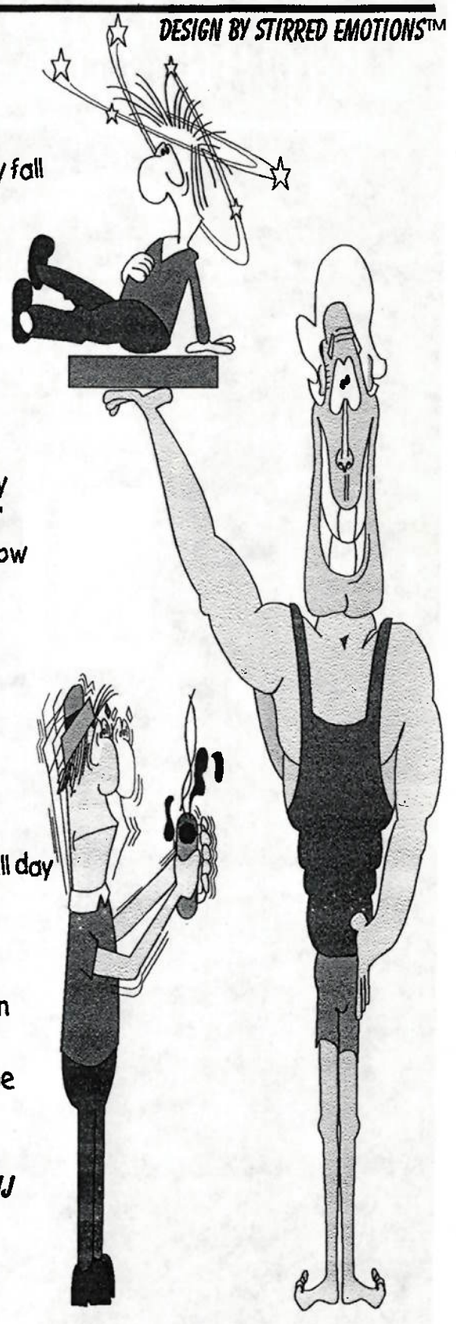

(Any resemblence to persons living or dead is purely...coincidental)

Behind The Door...

THE SWEET SOUND OF LOVE MAKING I HEAR
TWO SOFT BODIES EMBRACING THEIR PIERS
THE TOUCHING, THE FEELING OF LOVE IS QUITE CLEAR
BEHIND THE DOOR, MY LOVER IS NEAR
THE MOVING, THE MOTION, TURNED INTO ONE
THESE FEELINGS INSIDE, I CAN'T OVERCOME
I PEEKED THROUGH THE HOLE TO SEE IF THEY'RE DONE
AN HOUR HAS PASSED, IT'S QUARTER TO ONE
BEHIND THE DOOR, MY LOVER'S IN VAIN
FUCKING THE BITCH IN THE POURING RAIN
HER BODY NOW ON THE WINDOW PANE
AND DOWN THE STREET LIES MEMORY LANE
TOMORROW IS ONLY ANOTHER DAY
AND THE RAIN THAT FELL, WILL FALL AGAIN
THE SUN WILL DRY THIS PAIN AWAY
BEHIND THE DOOR, MY LOVER REMAINS

POEM BY
PATRICIA J. CRONCE
HIGHTSTOWN, NJ
DESIGN BY STIRRED EMOTIONS™

Truth is a lie
That everyone defies
Not looking for the light
Shielded by the night
Hate is more than love
Screw the spirits above
Throw me into the abyss
Just blow me a kiss
GOOD-BYE! GOOD-BYE!!
I see no reason to try
You pounded down my love
You spit in my face
And gave me a shove
I'm no longer here
No longer fear fear
It's time to die
So there's no reason to try
I shrug off your loss
And burn your cross
Don't bare me anymore
You know she's just a whore
I'm not blind, I can see
I can see, you hate me
I'm no longer here
No longer fear fear
It's time to die fear
You have no reason to try

Poem by Justin Cahill
Seward, PA

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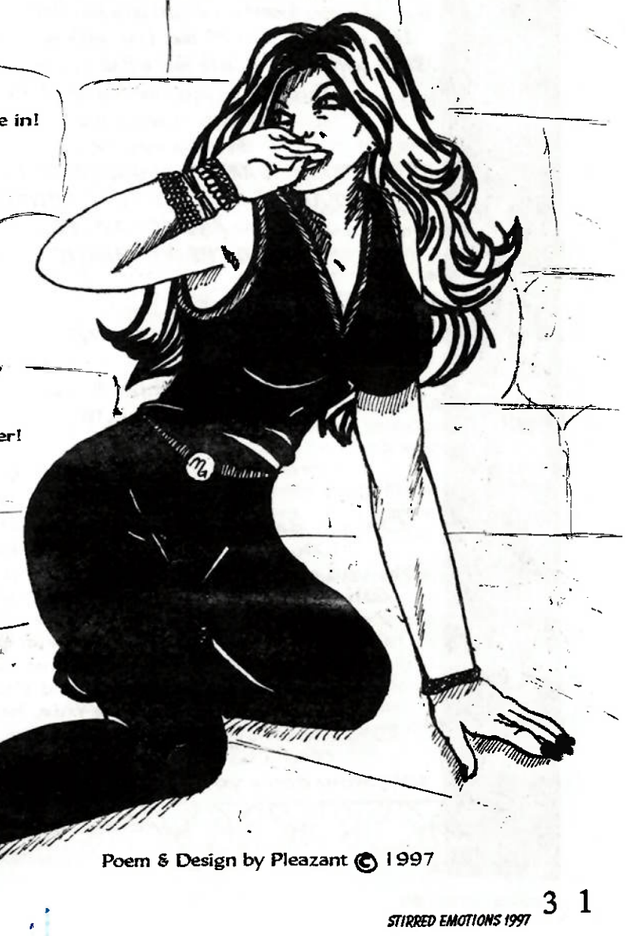
MISPLACED MEANING

Do you ever feel lost?

As though you were face-toface with a brick wall...
With no chains to bind... No sides to confine...
Yet, not enough strength to back up for retreat?
Alone. Standing. Facing your whole life ahead...
Wondering why your whole world seems to be crumbling to pieces?
In search of a reason... But not quite believing,
In anything at all.
Confused by his actions, And afraid of your own.
Trying to rationalize... On what to do now.
Wanting to move forward, Striving to get closer...
To the meaning of life.
"Who am I?"
"Why am I here?"
"What matter do I have?"
So alone. So cold.
Like the young dove that fell from her nest.
The bricks begin growing... Into the fear of unkowing...
Where? Oh, where? Please tell me, where do I go from here?
Still facing. Still trying.
Collapsing before the wall of lost souls.
Fearing there's no future... Unsure of the past...
Thinking it's over before it began.
The heart trickles colder...
The blood of always knowing...
I could have killed you that night!
My courage, None bolder.
Wanting so much to rid you of my life.
I screamed for a reason... Begging for something real to believe in!
Craving... Heart aching...For a tie that binds.
Silently... Slowly... Fading inside...
But alas, what's this?
A miracle? A gift?
Or just my cowardly self that finally broke through?
There! Yes, There! My eyes fell upon a door!
Where? Oh, Where? Was that door before?
From Darkness to Dawn... The Moon into Stars...
The confusion became understanding...
As I opened the door.
The bricks began falling... My meaning I heard calling...
Was it sacrifice? Or shelter? That led me straight through?
My eyes opened wider! My heart burned brighter!
Than I have ever felt before!
The lighted path seemed sweeter! My instincts became clearer!
Glowing. Finally knowing. On just where I was going.
I thought I was lost, but merely misplaced
What was always there.
I discovered Life is the meaning...
And my meaning is my Life...
The wall was a stop sign that I dwelled upon too long.
Although my fear will always be... My belief carried me...
Right through that brick wall.
I made the Impossible... Possible!
And what wasn't... Now is!
With courage now in me... And belief to guide me...
I gently walked through stone
Using the
DOORWAY OF MY OWN CREATION!

STANDING...
WITH MY BACK AGAINST
THIS FUCKING WALL
I CAN FEEL THE TENSION OF EACH BRICK
AS IT SLOWLY BECOMES MY SPINE
MY MIND DRIFTS OFF
AND MY BODY STANDS WITHOUT ME
I ESCAPE AWAY FROM THIS
DOOMED CARCASS
TO BECOME SOMETHING
I ONCE DREAMED.
OR SAW IN A MOVIE.
OR GLEAMED IN YOUR EYE
SOMETHING PERFECT. SOMETHING BETTER
STANDING...
AGAINST THIS FUCKING WALL
I REALIZE...
IF I STAND HERE TOO LONG
I'LL BECOME NOTHING...
I WALK AWAY

POEM BY GHOST 1:1



Poem & Design by Pleazant © 1997

"What is lovely... Never dies!"

DIE WITH ME

I was drunk and listening to the Rolling Stones
When I realized that she wasn't coming back.
She used to pull hundred dollar bills
Right out of the ground,
But, she swallowed the moon one night
And that was it!
A taste of glory and a shot of hope
And your soul's no more
Than a runway for refuge,
But what the fuck!
Sometimes dreams are real
(But only when they're nightmares.)
If I had a drink
For every smile she put on my face,
I could out toxicate the Gods.
Live with me, Fly with me, Love with me, Die with me.
Smile with me, Cry with me, Drink with me, Die with me.
This was a poem that I wrote for her.
I thought it was beautiful,
But, she screamed...
"DARK! DARK! TOO GODDAMN DARK!!
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU!?
YOU ARE NOT A POET...
YOU'RE A DRUNK!!!"

Awfully fine line,
Don't you think???

Poem by William Bruton
Indianapolis, IN

SWEET REPORTER

Deep inside this miracle flower
Far beyond the birds and the bees
Past the fragrance of days
Where the sun never brushes
Her warm yellow rays
And the taste of a raindrop
Must last till the next
I smell the soft kindness
All around her smile
This opening blossom
Deserves a choice gardener
One who'll not pull
At the petals she's grown
No, this gardener's goal
Is to catch them
When falling
To cradle change
And bury the past
Oh, beauty is solid
From inside to out...
I breath for the chance
To show you my own

Poem by Dan Paterno
Newton, NJ

STAY WITH ME

Oh, my day turns into night, taking a walk makes everything all right
Oh, what did you say, looked in my eyes, everything's OK
Oh, you could never leave, dancing in the moonlight cause it sets you free
Oh, spread your wings to fly, leap from the ground to touch the sky
See you standing on the hill with flowers in your hair
Acting pretty crazy, I don't really care
Dreaming of those better days when you were just a child
Nothing really mattered then, come stay with me awhile...
Oh, come along for the ride, hold out your hand, reach out to see
Oh, the weather is growing cold, feelings that sober chill to the bone
Oh, what did you say, looked in my eyes, everything's OK
Oh, now don't you leave, cause life's looking good and you made me see...

Lyrics by John Werner, MOOD 13
Cliffside Park, NJ

Uses of Different Blooms

Poetic Story by Mr. Carey Fontaine
Cincinnati, OH

I strolled among the flowers, in the garden of different blooms. Caressed by bright Beacon towers obsessed to understand uses of different blooms. For every flower was a woman, in subsequent stages of growth. And because I was not a lockman, I sought help from my betroth. SHEE said, "I'll send you a guide, who can surely help you most." A woman crystal clear as glass, appeared above my head, She said, "Pick any metal flower, while I turn my hourglass. Only remember, that today is merely the Fountainhead." "Persist in your studies," she'd say. "For much more wisdom awaits for you. And not a word should be thrown away. because this wisdom I give today, is absolutely true."

My eye caught on a golden rose, and compelled my hand to pick. But as soon as I touch it, a lady arose, whose beauty and mind were quick. She complimented me, "You've chosen wise today, for I am the highest woman on Earth around. I am twenty-five times more complex, than scientific DNA. I am noble and gold, my feet are sure, and barely touch the ground. Intelligence, Independence and Intensity all make me quite profound. Only five percent of me exist upon the Earth. Persist hard young hero and such a golden woman will be found. But, she'll be worth every penny worth."

With that, my lady turn back into a golden flower. and I wept hardily for her long hair,
Quick mind and her sexy body.

"Come now, young hero," said my crystal guide. "Pick a silver rose and see who resides inside." I wiped my tears, I picked a silver flower. True to her word, another lady arose colored a lustrous gray. "Greetings, young hero," she said and smiled. "What wisdom can I impart?" I said, "I'm seeking a very good wife and not a castaway." "HA! HA!," she said, "You've met my golden sister ." "Why, Yes!," I replied. "But she's only five percent."

"And so that means you'll have to work harder, Mister."

"But, if I only knew the odds, I would not be impatient."

"Twenty-five percent of us roam the Earth. We are loving, kind, moderate in independence. We love to make our own way from birth. Yet, we're fickle, and intelligent enough to earn our own pensions. We look to the Heavens, pray to the Goddess, we look to ourselves and make magic. We are not like our golden sister, but we learn and are never helpless. We are down to Earth and in the Heavens, we like sex and are very dynamic."

This silver lady excused herself back to her Kingdom of Flowers. She said, "Sorry. I've got to go for now, but don't you forget, we silver women are like sweet smelling powders. We are here and there even all at once, somehow."

Before I reached for another, up sprang the woman of bronze. "Yes. Yes. I heard of your search. I'm searching, too, to find. A mate, a lover, a friend, or an acquaintance not bygone. Listen. We make up forty percent. We're easy if you have any spine. We want support, love, children, peace while we pass Earth's time. We're not that independent, we're certainly not mystical. All we want is exactly what you seek to find. A relationship in every way, that is quite practical." "Wait," but she disappeared into her flower. No matter how hard I search, I knew it wouldn't matter.

"You really didn't want her. I can tell," said my crystal guide. "You're lonely and tired of searching, just now." "How much time do I have left? So I'll know not to override."

Twenty minutes. Not a second more, will I allow." "Who to pick next. I grew confused about my metals." "Steel is your next pick. Steels a good choice," said my guide. I lifted a steel rose twice as hard. I cut myself on its petal. "Please choose another," said my guide. "They sometimes try to hide." "I reach for one, then another, and another. But it was quite useless." " They don't seem too interested in marriage, young hero, and you're running out of time. Ten percent of women don't want to marry. It's not that they are clueless."

"Thanks for alerting, my guide. Now I can not work overtime." So I reached for an Iron flower and foul was the woman therein. She curse, was unkind and play favorites with other mates. I wonder how she grew in this garden within.

"Because some women and men, exactly fifteen percent," said my guide, "enjoy a hard playmate."

"Shall I try for a woman of tin? Shall I pick her flower, guide?"

"She's most murderous, untrue and will drag you down besides. She's only five percent, thank the Goddess. She tried to mow down our woman prize."

"The golden roses!? No! No!," I replied. "Sad, but true. She loves war. But that's why it's equally true that our Goddess always protects her prize."

And so my tale fold is done. It's time to end this playful poem. And vanish from this pleasant field,
OF USES OF DIFFERENT BLOOMS.

WITHOUT YOU

I can't sleep...I know you're out there
My heart keeps me awake at night when you're near
And I was starved...for affection
Always seems to get the best of me
Cover me in roses... maybe?

She lays down...like a fire
Black as night she takes my breath away
I thought I'd died...and went to heaven
But for a moment...I was alive
Cover me in roses...maybe?

I closed my eyes...and heard an angel
singing soft and sweet to me in my bed
A lullaby...so peaceful...a lullaby
I closed my eyes
Cover me in roses...maybe?

Without you.where are my roses?
Without you.where is my wine?
Without you.where is the love?
Without you. its just a matter of time

Lyrics & Design by
Vinnie Meehan,
SUICIDE KINGS
Hollywood, CA

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SOFT FEMININE LADY

SOFT, SWEET, FEMININE LADY WANTED FOR MARRIAGE:

Who holds tigers on a leash,
Who scuba dives with a knife,
Whose body building poses provide release,
Who wears white by choice, please,
Who reveals herself freely,
Who ponders the Tao.

Whoor also strikes masterful displays of feminized muscles,
Whose back is as ribbed as any mountain,
Who's calm during heat waves,
Who nestles soft fur between taut muscled thighs,
Who can stand, strong against death and misfortune.

Who, at times, rides powerful Black stallions,
Who wears, flowing full length skirts, dresses,
Who is lovely as a runway model from Paris,
Whostretches a huge bow n' arrow --
Flexed to hit its mark,
While topless in a bikini.
My image of Cupid, Eros,
My image of Aphrodite.
A woman who Knows whAT SHE WANTS!

Inspired by Lady Lisa Lyon's photos taken by R. Malplathorpe.
Poem by Mr. Carey Fontaine
Cincinnati, OH

Design by Pleazant ©1997

"What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose."
-- Henry Ward Beecher

LIES...

You said you loved me
And sounded so sincere
But when I think about it
I wish I could have seen
...YOU LIED!
You said we'd be together
Until the last star faded
The sun quickly appeared
And you said we'd be here...
Forever
...YOU LIED!
I sometimes still wonder
And often still ponder
Why you said
What you said because
...YOU LIED!
I hope you can forgive me
And I hope I can forgive you
For what we did together
And what we went through
But still,
...YOU LIED!
I still want to know
How this can work
If I try harder,
Are you still willing??
Even though you lied
And maybe even cheated
There's something
I should tell you
...I LIED TOO!!!

Poem by Jen Noon
Seward, PA

SELFISH CRY

I see your face
and start to cry
Why do lovers
say Good-bye?
My heart feels crushed
I can't bear this weight
My tears are flowing
Such is fate.
My morbid thoughts
make me weak
so let me stop
and try to speak
"I never loved you,
yet I liked the thought."
"I simply crave
your attention more!"
"Am I selfish,
not wanting you to go,
even though
I could never love you!?"
"Can't bear the thought
of you with another.
Even thought
we should not be."
Yet, you have found
another lass
She has replaced
my hourglass.
She is a sight
for sorry eyes.
Yet, so am I
you don't rationalize.
Once again,
you come back to me,
I invite you in
so yearningly.
Lovers reunite
and cast yet another sin
We're back to each other
Yet, I'm still not
in love with you
My dearest
pleasurable friend.

Poem by Karen Badre
Ridgefield Park, NJ

You're just a waste
A waste of my time
But I guess you think
the same about me
It doesn't matter
Not to me
You're no longer
in my life
I longer live life
You caused my insanity
And my bones to break
You hate me
I hate you
But do we know
That it's the total
OPPOSITE???
Your disease
Oh, my infection
You are my
BEAUTIFUL LIAR!

Poem by Justin Cahill
Seward, PA

NEVER KNOW

I found some strange comfort
in the blasphemy of your old
jangly walk.
The world split right open
and swallowed us whole.
Your dreams of glass
shattered
leaving us scared and bleeding.
We became what I destroyed
and I destroyed
what we became.
Now there's nothing left
but a pile of ashes.
This is Hell on Earth
and we are meant to serve.
This wasn't meant to last,
there is no going back.
Strange how things end up
sometimes.
Your Heaven was simply
my Hell in disguise.

Poem by Chrissy Fraser
CANADA

Oh God, my friend is hurting! How much I want to push away the clouds of pain and make sunshine of the memories. How desperately I need to give assurance of life ever lasting. Please Dear God, give me the strength to do that. Please help me take away the hurt... AMEN.

ALONE ON DISTANT SHORES

As we stand alone on distant shores
And watch the Titan's clash
Our sneakers soak up all the rain
As our cigarettes turn to ash
So take me to your favorite place
Your secret's safe with me
And bring with you
Your cold embrace
For everyone to see
Make sense
of what this story claims
That people are so cruel
You say you forget their names
But it's you who is the fool
So the Jester calls
for the villian's name
To receive the final score
As I watch you
from a tainted plain
As you stand on a distant shore

Poem by Joe Montvale, NJ

ONCE FELT

I'm out in the cold
while the party moves
carelessly on
toward midnight.
Soft light and shadows
stroke living room curtains,
as the artist who brushes
his canvas with ache,
where the back of my mind
hears a bed squeaking lustily,
the way I imagine
the ocean at night
when it's nowhere in sight.
Her landlocked lawn,
chromatically carpeted,
now the last home
of this seasonal loss,
beckons me down,
where I lie
with my heartbeat bruised,
out of time
with the music inside,
these leaves at my cheek
mutely fall into sleep
as the love
we once felt.

Poem by Dan Paterno
Newton, NJ

SCORCHED ANGEL

The scorched angel
descends from the
Heavens to sweep
away another soul.
Cursed with love and
empathy and blessed
with the knowledge of
many before her.
Weep away. Weep away.
A conscience is a
terrible thing.
Dying, dying, dead!
And killing her, too.
Each time, she wears
a little thinner. Each
one has taken a little
piece of her with them.
There have been so
many. A heart is a
terrible thing...
Use just once and destroy!
Taken and never returned.
The skies are Antartic.
She returns with the
departed, as promised.
She's the perfect
messenger of Death.
Soaking it up like
a sponge.
Dying, dying, dead!
For a second time
that day,
she strikes the match,
only to rise from the ashes
and burn brighter
than ever.
Stronger,
yet more fragile,
at the same time...

Poem by
Chrissy Fraser
CANADA

THIS PAIN

My heart feels so weak inside
I feel it just died
I lost a friend
When I thought it wouldn't end
No use pretending feeling good
I think our friendship
was misunderstood
I can't stand the pain
You left my heart dying in vein
I thought we'd be friends forever
But now I know I stand next to never
So if one day you decide
You no longer want to hide
I'll be here waiting to see you again
Because I'll always be a friend
It hurts to know you're really gone
I'll always wonder what went wrong
I'll keep my memories in my heart
I'll keep them close
so they don't fall apart
The worst feeling
is the strength of the pain
I wonder how long before I go insane
I hoped our friendship
would never slip away
But I guess I was wrong
I can't stand this pain
You left my heart dying in vein
I thought we'd be friends forever
But now I know I stand next to never
You left without a trace
But I'm haunted by
memories of your face
Tell me,
what can I do to ease this pain???

Lyrics by Tammy Kay Litchford
Trevor, WI

I feel as I am falling
your voice,
i heard calling
But, no good,
cause it is just too late
I knew you were
stalling
and the boxes
you're hauling
are heavy
But the end is our
FATE
From the 'Hello'
to the 'Good-bye'
The memories won't die
and my love for you
will never fade...

Peter Pierce
Santa Monica, CA

LEFT WITH DYING PAIN

If I stayed with you tomorrow
would you remember yesterday?
Lately you've been bringing sorrow
and everything that passed the day.
You used to be my shining sun,
but now you're only acid rain.
You're wind has blown,
damage is done,
and I'm left with acid rain.
If I climbed the highest mountain
would you meet me at the peak?
Lately water from the fountain
has been drowning my sunken cheeks.
Roses you used to send me,
smelled so very sweetly.
But now all I am receiving
is junk from off the streets.
Our love was once a partnership,
which seemed to be alive!
Now, a simple friendship
is based upon our lies.
The smiles that left our faces,
turned into bitter tears...
Friends in strangely places,
passing by the years.
Left with dying pain...
passing by the years...

Poem by Patricia J. Cronce
Hightstown, NJ

SO FAR APART

Standing on the outside
Used to be within
Got this funny feeling
I'm never gonna win
Can you tell me,
Are you happy
with the choices
that you made???
Do you look back
in anger, and wish that
you would have stayed?
But, here I am
and there you are.
And here we stand
so far apart.
If I only knew
the things I knew today,
we could be together.
If time didn't have to change
we would be forever.
I'm back on the inside
and I'm never looking out
learned to live without you
never had a doubt.
Can you tell me,
are you happy
with the choices that I made?
Do you look back in anger,
and wish that I would have stayed?

Lyrics by John Werner, MOOD 13
Cliffside Park, NJ

I LOVED YOU SO I SET YOU FREE

Woke up yesterday,
wondering why
things are this way
All the dreams
I had never fulfilled,
my life sentence
to have my love killed.
Don't know what it is I saw in you
all I felt was a love that was true.
Why can't things be the way
I want them to be???
I guess I couldn't see,
what your love meant to me.
I loved you...
so I set you free.
I loved you...
but you loved someone
I called 'friend.'
Now I'm sitting here
wishing my loveless life
could end.
So I sit
and watch you live your life
fearing that maybe
your choice was right.
I look for true love,
a love unspoken...
but all the girls I've met
seem to want my heart broken.
So now I sit and write this song,
hoping my musical love
will pull me along.
Dreaming someday,
I'll be touring the country
hoping I'll find another love
that's right for me.
So, as I try, life goes on...
waiting for the day
I can look back on this song.
Why can't things be
the way I want them to be???
I guess I couldn't see
What your love meant to me.
I loved you...
so I set you free.

Lyrics by Michael Vincent
Whitehall, PA

"There is comfort in the strength of love: Twill make a thing endurable... which else would overset the mind or break the heart!?"

I am a male stripper who got tired of dancing to other artist's music.

So now I play electric guitar and drum machine w/ my own sound effects; which I call Erotic Hip-Hop or Black Rock-N-Roll. My music is like a mix between Jimmi Hendrix and Prince, w/ a rap beat, a-long w/ soft, sensual, de-sirous lyrics.

If you're looking for some-thing different, call me.

LeVoizia Mormon
200 Beacon Hill Dr.
2nd Flr.
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522
(914) 674-0371

NOT THE ANTS TOO!

There looked to be about 10,000 of them
EVERYWHERE! ANTS!
Damn impressive, too!
They were carrying and building and working harder
than any men I have ever seen.
My first thought was...
'How beautiful, working together of their own free will...'
(At least, as far as I knew.)
But, soon, a big red ant walked up
and they began working even harder!
I watched from my porchstep...
'Could it be?...'
'NO FUCKIN' WAY!!'
The red one stayed for about an hour or so.
I set drinkin' and watchin',
then all at once, they stopped!
They walked to a big hill and stood around,
all million, or so, of them.
For 30 minutes
they seemed to do nothing at all but stand around,
then, all of the sudden,
they walked back to the sidewalks
and started workin' again.
In a split second, I realized
that no longer was this beautiful, but alarming!
I sat there, puzzled,
shaking my head and thinking,
'NOT THE ANTS TOO!'
'Sweet baby Jesus, NOT THE ANTS TOO!'
So I proceeded to get very drunk
and I prayed for the ants.
And I prayed for man, too...
While I was at it.

Story by William Bruton,
CAPTAIN BLOOD
Indianapolis, IN

THE METAL CAGE RADIO SHOW

The Metal Cage is a well known radio program that deals exclusively with the true underground Metal scene. Broadcast for three hours every week on 90.3 (WRIU) from midnight Sunday to 3 AM Monday. WRIU has a 5000 watt signal and reaches 4 states in the Southern New England area. We are seeking bands that would like some good exposure (Death, Grind, Doom, and Black Metal). Playlists are sent out and copies of the show are available. Bands interested in radio exposure can send tapes, CD's and band info to the following address...

THE METAL CAGE
John Dwyer
P. O. Box 4198
Middletown, RI
02842 USA

THR UNDERGROUND
is a new radio show on 90.1 WECS in Willimantic, CT.
We are looking for bands to feature on our 3 hour show that is dedicated to supporting the scene. If you're interested in gaining exposure in the southern New England are... send all material to:

THE UNDERGROUND
ATTN: Rusty Kupyar
355 Quarry Brook Dr.
South Windsor, CT 06074

MADD HUNTER

Featuring Phil Grasso & Barry Spillberg

Phil Grasso is the former bassist/ songwriter of the Brockton based band, STEEL ASSASSIN, from '83-'85. During that period, S.A. opened for such bands as METALLICA, Y&T, and Billy Sheehan's former band, TALAS. In 1985, STEEL ASSASSIN was asked to appear on METAL BLADE's compilation album, METAL MASSACRE VI, on which appears the song, "EXECUTIONER" (written by GRASSO.)

For the MADD HUNTER CD, Phil wrote all but one of the 12 songs, and played all guitars, bass and did the vocals... with the exception of some guests on back-up (including his two children, Jonathan and Michelle.) Playing drums on the M.H. CD is former WARGASM drummer, BARRY SPILLBERG. During WARGASM's career, the band put out 4 albums for different labels (including Profile and Massacre.) And toured/performed with the likes of MOTORHEAD, MEGADEATH, MANOWAR and BIOHAZARD, to name a few.

A man on his own,
he will travel so far in search of
his destiny... Looking for something he
just couldn't find among Society. Heading for
the mountains, he crosses the plains... Holding his
Fate, his hawken and reins. A fine horse under on
which he'll depend. A freedom more precious than life to
defend. There's more to a man than the skins on his back.
This understanding we continue to lack in these.

MODERN TIMES.

Facing the elements, taking their toll... Times have come
when he's come face to face with his soul. Or is it his
demons that have come out to taunt in the camp-
fire shadows that have long ceased to haunt?
Lyrics by MADD HUNTER

For more information on MADD HUNTER contact:

GME RECORDS DISTRIBUTION
Attn: Phil Grasso
319 Centre Ave. Suite 175
Rockland, MA 02370
(617)447-1607

http://www.tiac.net/users/joegold/Madd_Hunter.html

DESIGN BY PLEAZANT ©1997-

Defining WAR...

"a conflict which does not determine who is right...but, instead, who is left!!"

DESIGN BY PLEAZANT © 1997

BRAVE STAND

THEY TOOK OUR SONS...OUR BROTHERS...OUR FRIENDS
LEFT US MEMORIES THAT SHALL NEVER END
THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES TO GIVE US FREEDOM
UPON THE WALL IS WHERE YOU'LL SEE THEM
FROM THE EDGE OF HEAVEN TO THE BORDER OF HELL
THEY'D HAVE SOME STORIES, IF THEY LIVED TO TELL
SCARED AND ALONE ON THAT BATTLEFIELD OF WAR
DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR WAS WHAT THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR

A SOLDIER OF PRIDE, MY FATHER FOUGHT TRUE
CONSTANT FIGHT, IT'S ME OR IT'S YOU
BULLET OF PAIN PIERCED HIS LEG
NO STRENGTH TO MOVE, NO STRENGTH TO BEG
NO MERCY FOR THE ENEMY WAS THE WAY
JUST A HOPE OF MAKING IT BACK TODAY
UPON THE DIRT HE LAID HIS HEAD
"AM I ALIVE, OR AM I DEAD?"
NO TOUCH, NO SIGHT, I CANNOT HEAR
FEELINGS SMOTHERED WITHIN HIS FEAR

ALL AROUND TEARS CRY IN PAIN
WILL SOMEONE EVER WIN IN THIS GAME??
EYES SHUT TIGHT, WISH IT GONE
"GET UP, DAN! FIGHT TILL DAWN!"
BROUGHT HERE TO FIGHT YOUR BEST
ONLY DISHONORABLES GO OUT LIKE THE REST
WATCH A FRIEND WITHER IN AGONY
SLOWLY HE FADES, "THAT COULD HAVE BEEN ME!"
REALIZE THERE'S NO SECOND CHANCE
IN THIS NEVER-ENDING TRANCE

BOMBS ABOVE BLASTING IN MOUNDS
ONE BY ONE, THEY ALL FALL DOWN
GET UP FAST, IT'S TIME TO MOVE
DON'T WANT TO SEE ANOTHER FORGOTTEN TOMB
THROUGH THE MUD, SWAMPS AND TREES
RUN SWIFTLY, DON'T LET THE OTHER SIDE SEE
IN BACK AND BEYOND, THE SURVIVORS FLY
SOME HELPED ALONG THE WAY BY ANOTHER HURT GUY
CAN'T HURT NOW, DON'T HAVE THE TIME
PAIN FADES TO THE BACK OF HIS MIND

MIND WONDERS BACK TO REALITY
TOLD HIS DANGEROUS STORY TO ME
FIGHTER OF FREEDOM, HE HELPED WIN THE WAR
BUT STILL I CAN'T SEE WHAT THIS FIGHT WAS ACTUALLY FOR
OF ALL THE BUDDIES LOST AND FAMILIES TORN APART
DO THEY EVEN KNOW WHY THIS HELL DID START?
AS I GAZE UPON THIS WALL I TRY TO SEE
WAS THIS REALLY WHAT THEY CALLED 'VICTORY'????...

POEM BY PLEAZANT ©

...DEDICATED TO THE BRAVERY OF MY FATHER,
THE SURVIVORS AND THE NAMES ON THE WALL-
ALL OF WHICH FOUGHT FOR OUR SAKE!...

CRUMBLING SKY

Hear the mighty thunder roar
Across the fields washed in blood
Unclaimed bodies lie forever more
Admist battlecries and agony
The scream of the soldiers plea
Taken down in a spray of fire
Left to die alone
On his breath, his last desire
An unuttered word or prayer,
This Hell is too much to bear
The Kingdom come,
Thy will be done
On a crimson mat of War
Never again to see the sun
Glassed eyes stare to the sky
The dark, crumbling sky

Poem by
Jennifer Lynn Oshersky
Wilmington, DE

WHILE INNOCENT VICTIMS SLEEP

EYES REFLECTING HORROR,
TEARS REFLECTING PAIN.
A SOCIETY OF WAR AND DEATH...
OF NEVER-ENDING RAIN.
A WORLD THAT IS SLOWLY DYING,
IS WHAT LIES HERE AT OUR FEET.
AT THE FEET OF NATIONS CRYING,
WHILE INNOCENT VICTIMS SLEEP.
A SOCIETY SAVING THE WORLD
FROM DISEASE,
TRYING TO FIND SOME MIRACLE CURE,
IS THE SAME SOCIETY
THAT MURDERS IT'S BROTHERS
IN THE FACE OF A KILLER CALLED WAR!
FOR EACH STARVING CHILD THAT IS FED,
AND EACH VICTIM THAT IS REACHED...
A WAR LEAVES 100 DEAD BROTHERS,
LYING DEAD AT OUR FEET.
WAR BETWEEN THE CHURCHES,
GOD'S CHILDREN WITH GUN IN HAND,
WAR BETWEEN THE COLORS,
THROUGH ALL THE DISTANT LANDS.
IN A TIME OF SELF-DESTRUCTION,
NOW IS WHERE WE DWELL.
ONE DAY THE SUN WILL FOREVER FADE
AND WE'LL KNOW THAT
WAR IS HELL!!!

POEM BY S.E. RICHARDSON
BEAVERDALE, PA

RAINDROPS

RAINDROPS LONG AGO FORGOTTEN
SWEET COLD PAIN POURING DOWN ON YOU
IT CLEANED YOUR BODY, BUT NOT YOUR SOUL
THIS PLACE HAS LEFT YOU LIKE A HOLE
LONG FORGOTTEN...LONG FORGOTTEN
THE BITTERSWEET ANARCHY
AND THE LIVES IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND
IT COULDN'T WASH IT AWAY
AND IN THIS PLACE YOU MUSTN'T STAY
RAINDROPS RED AS THE POPPIES
NOW STANDING IN THEIR PLACE
THOSE BLOODY RAINDROPS ON YOUR FACE
KNEE DEEP IN HELL AND SINKING QUICKLY
THE BODY COUNT RISES A LITTLE MORE
OUT OF CONTROL, YOU WATCH THE BULLETS SPRAY
"RALLY 'ROUND THE FAMILY
WITH A POCKET FULL OF SHELLS"
RAIN! OH, RAIN! PLEASE GO AWAY!
AND DON'T COME BACK ANOTHER DAY!
AND YOU STEPPED TO THE NORTH...
THE RAIN THAT CLEANED YOUR TAINTED SKIN
IT COULDN'T CLEAN YOU FROM WITHIN
AND YOU STEPPED TO THE NORTH
AND PRAYED TO JESUS CHRIST
FOR FORGIVENESS...
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE
RAINDROPS LONG AGO FORGOTTEN...

POEM BY CHRISSY FRASER
CANADA

NO HOPE

IN A LAND THAT NO ONE KNOWS
PEACE ON ONE SIDE. WAR ON THE OTHER
WHO KNOWS IF THE ENEMY'S YOUR BROTHER
YOU ALWAYS HEAR "MAKE PEACE, NOT WAR!"
NO ONE CARES. SO WHAT DO YOU SAY IT FOR?
I STAND IN BETWEEN. TRYING TO MAKE THEM UNITE
NO MATTER WHAT I SAY, THEY'RE GONNA FIGHT
SO I STEP ASIDE AND WATCH IN FEAR
EACH MAN THAT GOES DOWN, I SHED A TEAR
I OPEN MY HEART AS THE CHILDREN TAKE MY HAND
WE ALL COME TOGETHER TO MAKE A STAND
SOME ARE FATHERS. SOME ARE BROTHERS
MAYBE SOME ARE EVEN MOTHERS
THE CHILDREN WATCH AS THEIR LOVED ONES DIE
AND ALL THEY CAN DO IS ASK GOD, "WHY?"
I THINK WE NEED TO LEND A HAND
TO KEEP THE BEAUTY OF OUR PRECIOUS LANDS
HOW ABOUT YOU?
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE CAN DO?
IT CAN'T ONLY BE ME TO MAKE YOU PEOPLE SEE
IF WE DON'T STOP THIS HATE
WHAT OUR WORLD WILL BE!
EACH ONE OF THOSE SOLDIERS
WALKS ALONG THAT TIGHT ROPE
I WISH I COULD HELP
BUT I KNOW THERE'S NO HOPE

POEM BY TAMMY KAY LITCHFORD
TREVOR, WI

The Throne of Ninninhagel

When the demonic powers are summoned by the Gods, the demons possess the strength of divine origin. These demons are spawned by the Lord Anu. Anu seduces the souls of the damned to become these demons.

This existence of such evil spirits is desirable for the Gods. The Gods feed off of the living beings and bring forth the domination of all. The presence of hallowed demons are forever fulfilling the harmony that dwells in the Gods. The demons roam the underworld and present their spoils to the Gods when they are beckoned.

Assu, the city of God, is watched by the Lady of the Underworld. Her name is Ereskigal. She reigns over all that inhabit the city. The temple of Enlils is guarded by the demon, Lamashtu. This fiend steals the newborn from their mothers. She relinquishes the unnamed souls to be seized by Quabla and Ninninhagel.

The throne of Ninninhagel is adorned by all the Gods and demons. This throne is decorated with the souls that have been torn from the living world by Lamashtu.

Quabla betrays Ninninhagel by invoking the demon Pazazu to antagonize him. Ninninhagel prepares to battle the demon Pazazu with the magic of the elder Gods. Ninninhagel invokes Apsu and Tiamat to embody their powers to strengthen his magic. Pazazu calls the demons of the dead to rage against the Gods. Ninninhagel gathers the Gods at the temple of Ka. Pazazu, with his army of demons, rises above the city of God to collapse the gates. Ninninhagel calls forth the storm God, Addad, to consume the demons as they transcend toward the city of God. Pazazu gets trapped in the storm and spirals down into the gates. Addad engages Pazazu in a struggle to keep the gate closed, but Pazazu escapes through the open gate into the other world...

Lyrics by MESSE NOIR
Meriden, CT

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*STIRRED EMOTIONS is proud to announce NATAS PRODUCTIONS as one of it's recently acquired distributors.

To learn more about
The Throne of Ninninhagel
Contact:
MESSE NOIR
P.O. Box 4059
Meriden, CT 06450

This letter was written as a response to an article posted on America Online area titled,

"DOES METAL STILL MATTER?"

Read this, and you decide...

Dear MTV,

This letter is in response to the feature article, "Does Metal Still Matter?" First of all, let me say that I was glad to see something that was connected to MTV finally acknowledging that METAL still exists as a viable form of music. But, it was obvious to me that the author was as much a part of the "media" that killed metal, as she is the media reporting on it now. The images she used in describing metal as it was categorized in its "heyday" were the same fallacies that listeners of metal have shrugged off for years. She made no attempt to disprove these images, and for that I feel she should be admonished.

I am an avid fan of heavy metal, as well as the singer/bass player for a metal band out of New Jersey, called Chaos Theory. We have been playing our music for about 2 years and have gained popularity with a wide audience of people who are looking for metal that is not, as WSOU put it, "more electronic." I disagree that metal is moving in an industrial direction, or that it should do so. True, bands like Fear Factory use samples and some electronics, but their music is not based on electronics, it is complimented by it. It is still the guitars, bass, drums and vocals which gain these bands their following.Chaos Theory is a stripped down version of what people call "old school" metal. Being a trio, we have eliminated the long solo parts and have settled for finding riffs that move people, that "groove" if you will. And we have found success in doing so, as we continue to expand our radius, waiting for a record label to take a good long look at us. And we will continue to do so. We will not fall prey to the "trends" play music we do not love to play just to sell albums. Music is an art form, an expression. False expression is expression without passion... which is useless.

So let me present to you this idea, that the things that the article seemed to focus on were the peripheral things of the genre. Who cares what the fans will be wearing, or how their hair is done, or how long it is, or how much make-up someone has on. Metal is a form of music, not anything else, though it may bring with it a certain "style" for its listeners. But, if it doesn't, so what! What matters is the music and the number of people who still listen to it and are searching for new and innovative groups. Not who has a miniskirt or who had long hair.

In closing, I think that metal is still a strong underground genre, much stronger than people imagine. I have seen the clubs, I have been on stage and heard the crowds. I use the word *Underground* Because anything not on the radio or on your beloved MTV would have to be underground. But most metal musicians , these days, will tell you that's exactly where it belongs. It has always been, as you say, an *anti-social* type of music, so let it stay out of the public eye so it can thrive. The fans are still there, regardless of its radio airplay or MTV exposure, and they still BANG THEIR HEADS!!

Sincerely,
Dan Altobelli,
CHAOS THEORY
Bordentown, NJ
ChaosDan@aol.com

The Blakk List
Write for TRADE/SELL list of
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KILL THE SYSTEM

Sworn to uphold the law
Hypocrisy your greatest flaw
You don't have a fucking clue
'Cause you're not inside my shoes
It's a victimless society
We're all part of the same breed
Our tyrant keeper's getting mad
You know, you can shove that fucking badge
KILL! KILL! KILL!
KILL THE SYSTEM!!!
Don't you know justice is missing?
You won't even fucking listen
KILL! KILL! KILL!
KILL THE SYSTEM!!!
We live in the land of the free
At least that's how it used to be
The sanctioned violence law attraction
Will lead to greater crime reaction
All this corruption, that you find
Starts from above, are you blind!?
Let's take a hammer to the cornerstone
And cut you right down to the bone
I question your motives
As is my right to do
You've walked on the ideals
Which empowered you
You're no more than human
Despite what you believ
But who will take mercy
When you're on your knees!???
You say you can't make a change
'Til I see your ass on the firing range
A few more funerals, what's the noise?
Just a few more jobs for the unemployed!
I might be laughing in disgust
But thje joke is really on us
'Cause they're Big Brother with a gun
Is this what's written in the Constitution!???

Lyrics by Dan Altobelli
CHAOS THEORY

Each member of CHAOS THEORY puts all of their heart and soul into, not only every song, but every thing they do as a band. Drawing on personal experiences for song lyrics, the band intends to stay in touch with the realities of life. Harsh topics, such as rape, suicide and the holocaust, are all topics in which the members of CHAOS THEORY feel very strongly about.

CHAOS THEORY
WANTS TO BE
THE FUTURE OF HEAVY METAL...
NOT A MEMORY OF THE GLORY DAYS!

KEEP THE MUSIC EVIL!!!

MIND MECHANIX

DESIGN BY STIRRED EMOTIONS 1997

And so here I stand among the ruins; decay all around. This was no ordinary day, but I felt as I understood everything, even though confusion was ripping at my brain. My first reaction was a strange one indeed. All my life, I had been one to question things, but now, it seemed as the only answer I could get was there all along. My point, you may ask? Well, I'll tell you. Perhaps it was all for the best, but the point was one to ponder at, as in one sudden flash of genius, I gained exceptional wisdom and felt as I now know all the answers to everything. Maybe this was what I was destined to become. Or a freak stroke of luck I was imbedded with, by the Gods, to give me All knowledge.

Was I now God or mere mortal? I did not know that question, but it was not far from being answered. My pain, there was no pain, only a peaceful relaxed feeling in which I was living in, but still, it was a very strange way to be seen by others...if they dared to look. Was I the Chosen one? Sometimes I thought I was the Unchosen...the secret loser. But, as time gave me experience, I found that I had the power. I was seen by all as a fool, but aren't they the ones later generations will call the same!? My eyes a pale shade of blue and tears running down my sorrow filled face like the rain from a viscous storm cloud. It is time to move on.

I start to walk and take in my surroundings. I tell you, I see nothing worth wasting my ever golden breath on. So I move not forward or behind, instead I decide to take in other sights. I go to a place where I am understood. This place I speak of is a place you could never, in your worthless lives, ever conceive of. This place is where I am God to all who worship me! The stage is set and I am about to make my opening declaration.

So enriched and full of nothing. I am here alone in front of the noiseless crowd...the mindless, forgotten children of the New Revolution. I am one with them as they are one with me. And together we understand each other as a total voice of the Universe. The winds from the gates of Life and Death chill us to the point of extreme Winter. Acting all on impulse, I sway from this world and simultaneously create another one of my choice. Yes. This is the place I roam about scanning the infinite nothing, but it will soon be my own, as I create whatever I am inspired to create. The Mind Mechanix is getting easier and easier to control and soon I shall rule all of the known Universe.

One day, perhaps, but until that day, I will continue to run rampant...world upon world, galaxy upon galaxy and Earth upon Earth. The sign of my time is all that I see. I am no one, but at the same moment, I am God. The fools who lack understanding will be the first to be destroyed. I will forever reign in this world of consequence and sheer terror of the extreme and vital emotions that spread open the unborn minds in all 'Human Slaves'.

Is this all a dream? A fantasy? Or some unknown desire that I have converted to and all my surroundings alike? Strange as it may seem, I feel as I am free. A thousand chains could not hold me back now, as I draw closer and closer to my Creator.

As I am extracting parts of my numbness, I feel my soul depart from my cold, empty body. The night has awaken, for I am still in a time unknown to even myself. The Stars and Heavens, yes, I know them well and I wonder... will they ever know me!??? The dreams are hurting again, wasting away my days and passing the nights in an extreme state of horror, in which my lust for blood and my thirst for pain are never quenched. My case is quite different than all the others, but what can I do but let the poison blood spring flow within me. Will I conquer the fears and rejects? Yes! I scream! I will rule!! ALL those that oppose me will be sent to the darkest reign in my mind.

This place I speak of is called, Antiquilt, in where my enemies roam freely thinking they are free...while they plot their next attack on me. In fact, I control their every movement and know all what they think, but still, they try and even after countless wars, that I have won, they still think they have a chance to destroy me. HA! HA! What fools they are to even consider such a Great feat could be accomplished...but still, I let them try. In a way, I guess, you can say that they amuse me. They are but a circus and I am the Ringmaster of their minds and actions, while they all play part of the clown.

So many doors and passages lie undisturbed in my mind. So many await me and I am eager to see where those passages will take me. My tears fall with a stinging pain down my sorrow filled face. The tears run red as blood and tastes sweet when they flow in my mouth. After where it's all at, I am not, but I still, am it.

I gaze and wonder at the accomplishments of my peers and laugh in their faces. What they consider Great, I call trash...and only one has ever inspired me enough to call Good. Onward, I fight. Now, in a room of gold, I stand and face my life and in the mirror, the reflection of a former self I once knew long ago. Breathing now even harder, I try to conquer that fatal image and as it fades away, so does the last feelings of love I had left in my soul. Now drained, but more filled than ever, I have knowledge that no one else has or ever will have. So, I say again, Am I the Chosen one or just a puppet's fool!!???...whose strings I control, yet at the same time, am also tied to.

In the distance I see a shadow forming, but as it turns out, it was only a reflection of the fear my mind dreads. Hypnotized by innocence, I am but as I grow older, the innocence in me slowly fades away and soon the only thing unknown to me will be who I am. And so the search begins to find my true self. But I must first journey high and if I ever find what I seek, it will surely destroy me. Again my sorrow filled face explodes and tears as heavy as a thousand earthquakes rapture my face. And as the marks scar my non-existent facial tissue, my color-coded fabric mind slowly withers away.

Back to the beginning I must go. But where did it all start and where will it all end? At what point will I discover the truth, the lies and the questions I must bring upon the last death end?

The first, the last and by far, the most important factor that controls me and confounds this body, is my bluerot flesh. Without the bluerot, my blood would surely drown this world...for it runs Eternally from my ancient veins. I heed the call...

Story by
Sven Krannen

*Sven is now in the process of completing his book, MIND MECHANIX. For information on recieving the full-length version please contact him at
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Ode To Her Face

I'm painting your portrait
The canvas... my mind
The brush is of memory
So sharp and defined.
The sparkling eyes,
Sweet lips in a smile,
Two elegant cheeks
Steal my breath for a while.
So wildly favored, proportioned and bright,
I find myself painting you into the night.
My secret side cries to be well understood...
A lifetime to wonder what is?
And what could.

Poem by Dan Paterno Newton, NJ

ATTENTION READERS!

Inspiration has struck once again!

Dear Pleazant,
Here's a cass-sesction of some songs I've written. "PLEAZANT DREAMS" was conceived after I received your 2nd issue. I was fresh with inspiration and surprise! "BRIGHT BLACKS" was done the next day. I'm going into the studio in August for my first professional recording. 5 songs. Another 5 in October...

Keep me abreast, Dan Paterno

For your own copy of these beautiful pieces or to receive his soon-to-be released demo

Contact him personally at:

102 Birch Drive Newton, NJ 07860 (201)579-1326

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BURNIN' HEART

Imagined a place...far away...into the sun
Count to ten...take a breath...and watch it disappear
A little lonely...slightly lost...but time never fades
Into the night...thru my eyes...I see my reason
Slapped in the face...kicked around...this time's for sure
Heard your words...voice of pain...in one ear and out the other
Night changes...daylight exists...followed the lines South
Here in Fool's Paradice...away from you...
I am once again safe
Kick myself...pump up my heart...feel my blood rush
Thru the snow...ice below...I'll run my life
Fade from the past...All the years gone by...I am finally me
Young in youth...heart of desire...I survive by the fire
I've taken enough of the hurt...felt pain in every way
Tried to bring me down...cursed my being
Told me to give it up
But, like the Devil...I burn with fire...it feeds my desire
Well, when in desperation...temtation will override
Gotta hold the heart...ignore the needs
And shoot straight for the sky
Friends come...who's true?...I'll find out in the end
Painted a picture of fantasy...busted my vision
This flames been the glue
Reached inside my heart...joined it with my true desire
I went along...found a new song...now I burn with fire
Shoved the stone heart...carved it right...
ignited it with a dream
Out of the night...fate changed my cobwebs into rainbows
No rain can stop me now
Felt my heart...touched my soul...
and dreamed a thousand miles away
Imagined a place...far away...into the sun
Counted to ten...took a breath...and watched it rise
Watched it rise in flames
Although in pain...broken apart...my soul is never gone
Full of hope...words and music...the only tool that feul my heart
Words and music...notes of inspiration...the only tools...
The only tools that led a stoned dream into a burnin' heart

Poem by Pleazant ©

THE TRUTH OF THE ART

My heart never lies,
The alarm always tells me
when beauty from Heaven
is shaking my life
Like a hot orange sunset,
a quiet night snowfall,
The wonder is focused
so deep in my life,
Every cell in my body is vibrating.

A heartbeat is galloping
The rider excited,
Lets go of the reins
And speeds through the dark,
Leaving patches of light
Where the leaves lie in the morning.

This rider knows not
Where the wild rush leads to
No time to question:
The shadow moves on.
He knows he must follow
The light of his life,
The beat of his heart,
The dream of a child,
THE TRUTH OF THE ART!

Poem by Dan Paterno Newton, NJ

ARTIST

It was cold.
Very, very cold.
I walked out
and zipped up my coat.
I hoped it wasn't over,
but I knew it was.
She had locked the door
plenty of times before,
but this time, I heard it.
I felt it!

I drink too much,
write songs,
poems, stories and shit.
Guess I'm not what you would call
THE PERFECT MAN!
But who is!?
Was Hemmingway???
I guess the word 'ARTIST'
is synonymous with...
PSYCHO...LOSER...
DRUNK...PERVERT...
or, my personal favorite...
SEXIST PIG!
I've been called worse,
but seldom much better.

I often question THAT word myself.
Was Bukowski an artist?
How about Burroughs?
Eliot? Ginsberg? Faulkner or Pound?
How about Van Gough? Picasso?
What about Errol Flynn?
Ava Gardner? Frances Farmer?

Well,
you get my point!

Poem by William Bruton
Indianapolis, IN

"What do you think an artist is???
An imbecile who has only his eyes if he is a painter? Or only his ears if he is a musician? Or a lyre at every level of his heart if he is a poet? Or, if he is a boxer, only his muscle? On the contrary, he is at the same time... a political being. Constantly alert to the heart-rending, burning, or happy events in the world... molding himself in their likeness."
-- Pablo Ruiz Picasso (1881-1973)

Have you enjoyed this issue?
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The **2nd Annual Halloween Edition** to be unleashed
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Deadline for submissions is September 15th, 1997